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THE REVEREND CHARLES WOLFE.

ONE of the chief characteristics of our *fin de siècle* literature is the zeal its votaries display in endeavoring to rehabilitate fallen celebrities, to cast down popular idols, and to advance forgotten worthies to a place on the rolls of fame. This fact is partly to be explained by the very human desire to say some new thing, partly by the prevalence in all domains of investigation of what is commonly known as the historical method. Since historians and economists and natural scientists and critics have been compelled, in their own parlance, to go to the sources, it is no matter for wonder that they have dragged up some very queer fish in their nets, even though at times, like the fisherman in the Arabian tale, they have hauled to shore an imprisoned genius. It is comforting to think, however, that the next generation will have full opportunity to do what it likes with the catches of its predecessor, and that it can even fish up those spoils of our ancestors which the present generation has been pleased to recommit to the devouring ocean. Nor, to drop our metaphor, should it be forgotten that both literature and science have frequently profited by these rehabilitations, and dethronements, and discoveries. Not all investigators are actuated by self-seeking motives and desire of notoriety, and where researches are conducted with honest intentions, truth is likely to emerge. So, to take a recent example, in a late number of *The Quarterly Review*, (July, 1892), there is a rehabilitation of Pope's old enemy, Theobald, the commentator,

which will go far to atone for a century and a half of unjust depreciation and abuse; and it is not a bad thing for the world that the genius of Mommsen should have cleared the way for Cæsar's praises by dealing a death blow to the long-maintained reputation of that coryphæus of conservative bigotry, the younger Cato.

The application of the above remarks to the subject of the following sketch is, perhaps, sufficiently obvious. So few readers know anything about the Reverend Charles Wolfe that the critic who makes an appeal in his favor, even to a limited audience, runs great risk of being accused of self-seeking and a desire to foist a mere nobody upon the attention of a long-suffering public. It is true that in Ward's "English Poets" Wolfe is allowed a modest place between Moore and Lamb, that Professor Palgrave twice gives him a hearing in "The Golden Treasury," and that he was once the subject of a biography that ran through at least eight English editions and one American. It is true also that every school boy learns to recite his "Burial of Sir John Moore." But it is equally true that many a reader who is familiar with the famous ode has forgotten that Wolfe wrote it, or that he ever wrote anything else, or that he lived a life worthy of being held in remembrance. There is, then, some little danger that this essay may be deemed a work of supererogation, but it is hoped that the reader will be of a different mind when he has finished it.

Charles Wolfe has often been called, even by those who profess to know something about him, a one-poem poet. This is unjust to him, as will shortly be shown. It is, of course, when the matter is viewed in the right light, no small thing to say of a man that he is a one-poem poet. The Pyes and the Shadwells have no such honor, even though they wore the laurel in their lifetimes, for they live only in the verses of the Byrons and the Drydens. The Pomfrets, the Akensides, the Darwins, and the Beatties have no such honor, even though their volumes were once read and are still to be found on our shelves, for they live only in histories

of literature and in comprehensive anthologies; in the scholar's memory, not in the people's hearts. Even poets of high aims and not inconsiderable powers can often claim no higher honor. Many well-read persons know Samuel Daniel only by his sonnet beginning "Care-charmer Sleep," and Michael Drayton only by his "Battle of Agincourt" and by his perfect (and disputed) sonnet entitled by Mr. Palgrave "Love's Farewell." Joshua Sylvester would be as forgotten now as the DuBartas he once translated had he not in a fortunate moment composed the sonnet beginning

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,

and Robert Southey himself would be kept with difficulty among the British poets had he not written a few short poems like "The Battle of Blenheim" and those exquisite verses on his library. These latter bards are to all intents and purposes one-poem poets, and yet they are hardly typical representatives of the class because their best-known poems are not exactly common property like Allan Cunningham's

A wet sheet and a flowing sea.

But side by side with a proper conception of the meaning of the expression, a one-poem poet, runs an improper conception of it. Many people think that it means a man who, with no special poetical powers or proclivities, has by a lucky accident or in an unwonted moment of inspiration dashed off a few verses which for some reason or other strike the popular heart. Or else they think that it means a would-be poet who has written volumes of worthless trash, but who has succeeded in writing one good poem on much the same principle that an inexperienced sportsman will at last bring down a bird if he fires point blank at the flock often enough. That there is some foundation for this conception cannot be denied. Many delightful and some exquisite pieces of society verse have been written by men whom not even their intimates suspected of dallying with the muse. Then, again, nothing short of special inspiration for the moment can ex-

plain the existence of such a poem as Blanco White's fine sonnet on Night. And the often-quoted lines of Mrs. Barbauld, beginning,

Life, I know not what thou art,

certainly seem to belong to the category of one hit for many misses. Nevertheless there is much injustice in applying promiscuously this popular conception of a one-poem poet. Often the one poem which has touched the public heart represents the perfect flower of a genuine, if gentle and unobtrusive, poetical nature. Often untoward circumstances or premature death have made the one poem serve rather as a sign of arrested poetical development than as the sporadic achievement of a nature lacking balance and homogeneity. Often, too, special reasons operate to make a poem popular while better work of the same poet lies hid from all save a few sympathetic eyes. This is to some extent the case with Wolfe, and it has happened with greater poets. Mr. Browning was long known mainly by a few poems, including "The Pied Piper," which his public could readily understand; but like all great poets, he was enabled to conquer in the end and, fortunately, before he died. It is time, however, to pass to a consideration of the full life, in one sense, and scanty work of the poet Wolfe, and this may be done by first recounting the materials on which it is proposed to rely.

During his short life Wolfe published nothing of his own accord, and we are therefore forced to depend both for his literary work and for the facts of his life on the volume of his remains published shortly after his death by his college friend, the Reverend (afterwards Archdeacon) John A. Russell, M.A. This work had gone through eight editions by 1842, in spite of which fact the author of the short sketch of Wolfe in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is plainly right in calling it one of the dullest biographies ever written. Its popularity is partly accounted for by its prevailing tone of dull religiosity, a tone which never failed to charm our English and American grandfathers, if we may judge from the volumes of sermons and godly biographies that still cumber



our book-shelves and the stalls of second-hand book dealers; but the charm of Wolfe's verses and letters and the still greater charm of his life must also have influenced to no slight extent the Archdeacon's readers. Be this as it may, his book, although on all occasions dull, and on some occasions inaccurate, is of prime importance to the lover and student of Wolfe. One American edition is known to the present writer, viz.: that published at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1828, taken probably from the second English edition of 1826. It was introduced to the American public by a prefatory note signed with the initials "G. W. D.", a thin disguise of the name of the then Professor of Oratory and Belles-Lettres in Washington (now Trinity) College, and afterwards Bishop of New Jersey, George Washington Doane.<sup>1</sup>

A glance at Poole's "Index" will show that during the second quarter of this century Wolfe was of some interest to magazine writers, however little he may have appealed to them during the last quarter. Only one article need be cited here—the excellent sketch by one of the poet's college mates which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1842. Brief references to Wolfe will, of course, be found in memoirs of the time like Medwin's "Conversations with Lord Byron," in histories of literature, and in anthologies like Ward's "English Poets"—to which last repository Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes one of his exasperatingly short and professional notices. Perhaps the only recent reference that needs comment is the delightfully sympathetic note which Professor Palgrave added to the revised edition (1891) of his "Golden Treasury"—a note which will be given hereafter, and which, together with the fact that Wolfe's "Mary" was one of the few additions Mr. Palgrave allowed himself to make in 1883, shows that the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford has come more and more to appreciate the genius of the little known poet whose life we are now to consider after so long a preamble.

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<sup>1</sup>The Bishop's son and biographer seems to know nothing of this publication.

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esquire, of Blackhall, County Kildare, his mother's maiden name being Lombard. He was born in Dublin on the fourteenth of December, 1791. His family on his father's side had been distinguished in both the military and judicial annals of his country; on his mother's it was connected with the Church to which he was destined to give his life. It is interesting to think that the warrior qualities of the hero of Quebec, as well as his love for poetry, may have some remote connection with the poetical genius which has given us one of the finest battle lyrics in the language; but however this may be, it is certain that from the first the boy had a passion for martial poetry—especially for the odes of Campbell.

Mr. Theobald Wolfe dying while Charles was still very young, the family moved to England where they resided for some years. There the boy was sent to school in Bath, but even then his health was delicate and his education much interrupted, facts which do not seem to have opened the eyes of his friends to the possibility that boarding school life may be bad for young and delicate boys any more than similar facts have done in many a recorded case besides that of Shelley. The year 1802 was probably spent in enforced idleness, but as soon as his health was restored, he was placed under the tuition of a Dr. Evans, in Salisbury, from which he was removed in 1805 and sent as a boarder to Winchester school, then under a Mr. Richards. Here he displayed proficiency in the classics and showed his poetic powers in good Greek and Latin verses—an exercise which, whatever may be thought of it in our practical country, has certainly proved of service to more than one English poet. The excellence of his character is vouched for by the following quotation from a letter written by his sister to his biographer:—

He never received even a slight punishment or reprimand at any school to which he ever went; and in nearly twelve years that he was under my mother's care, I cannot recollect that he ever acted contrary to her wishes,

or caused her a moment's pain, except parting with her when he went to school. I do not know whether he ever told you that he had, when a boy, a wish to enter the army, which was acquired by being in the way of military scenes;<sup>1</sup> but, when he found that it would give his mother pain, he totally gave up the idea, which I am sure, all his life, he thanked God that he had done.

In 1808 the family returned to Ireland and the next year Wolfe, although hardly prepared for such a step, entered the University of Dublin. As at Winchester, he soon made warm friends among both his tutors and his classmates, especially endearing himself to his future biographer, to young Hercules Henry Graves, son of the professor of divinity, who seems to have been as much beloved by his fellows, though for different reasons, as Charles Skinner Matthews was by Byron and Hobhouse, and to the afterwards Bishop of Meath, Mr. Dickenson. His classical attainments were at once recognized, and he was also awarded a prize early in his career for an English poem entitled, "*Jugurtha Incarceratus*." It must be mentioned, however, that some doubts have been thrown upon the accuracy of the dates which Dr. Russell assigns to Wolfe's poems. This very poem on *Jugurtha* may be considered creditable to a youth of eighteen who has just entered college, it is hardly worth notice if it dates from the year of his graduation. It makes some difference, too, whether the "*Burial of Sir John Moore*" was an early college poem, or whether it was the last poem its author wrote. In the absence, however, of much definite information, and in view of the fact that Wolfe's verses are extremely scanty, we shall hereafter be warranted, perhaps, in passing over the question of dates and in confining our attention to the merits and defects of the respective poems.

At the end of his first college year Wolfe lost his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. The loss preyed heav-

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<sup>1</sup> Wolfe can hardly have been in the way of any military scenes except some local militia preparations to repel Napoleon's contemplated invasion similar to those so graphically described in Mr. Thomas Hardy's charming novel, "*The Trumpet Major*." This further proof of his early attachment to war and its accompaniments is noteworthy.

ily upon him, but he went back to his studies for relief. Like most boys of poetical temperament, he neglected the sciences so long as his own education was in question, yet he showed the kindliness of his disposition when he undertook their study in order to help on a backward friend. Having been thus indirectly led to conquer his prejudices, he devoted himself to his new work sufficiently to gain an important prize at an examination based mainly on scientific subjects. Shortly after this success, he was compelled by pecuniary necessities to accept a college tutorship, the duties of which he discharged in so thorough a manner as to interfere with his own advancement.

In due time, however, he obtained a scholarship and became a resident in college. Other avenues of distinction were then opened to him by his election to the remarkable Historical Society of Trinity College. To an American student, accustomed to the literary and Greek letter societies with which even our smaller colleges are honeycombed, some account of this society will be both interesting and surprising. Our own faculties occasionally have trouble with student societies, but as a rule these organizations enjoy the privileges of self-government, and rarely clash with the larger machinery of the university. When, however, in 1770, some students of Trinity College established a literary and historical society with the avowed purpose of supplementing the courses of study prescribed by the college authorities, the innovation was looked upon by these latter in no favorable light. But the society flourished, perhaps, somewhat in consequence of this disfavor, and soon its medals and honors were more coveted than those of the college itself. Disputes went on until, in 1794, the society consented to receive a charter, by which step it lost the encouraging presence of those graduate members who had entered professional life in Dublin. It continued, however, to flourish until February, 1815, when the college determined to impose new restrictions. Then it was resolved to disband, but this was not done before a manly remonstrance was sent to the faculty.



The fifth and last name attached to this document was that of Charles Wolfe.<sup>1</sup>

Although Wolfe, as a rule, shunned notoriety, he seems to have made full use of the Historical Society to bring out his not inconsiderable talents as an orator and essayist. His poems, too, most of which were written during his college residence, were submitted to the same audience. He won medals and applause and was early promoted to what was regarded as a great post of honor, the presidency, which carried with it the duty of "opening the sessions, after the summer recess, with a speech from the chair." Dr. Russell has preserved fragments of the address Wolfe delivered on this occasion; and although they are not free from the defects that time out of mind have characterized college oratory, nevertheless they repay perusal and give one a high respect for the young man's qualities of heart and mind. It may be remarked that the famous Plunkett had previously filled the office of president.

Apart from his connection with the society, Wolfe's college life can hardly be regarded as interesting or satisfactory; but this may be largely due to the scrappy way in which the Archdeacon preferred to write his biography. He wrote poems which shall receive separate discussion hereafter, he took his degree (B.A., 1814), and he proved himself a delightful companion to his friends. But he had what his biographer mildly calls a "facility" of disposition which a more strenuous modern might be justified in denominating easy-going laziness. He allowed loafers to prevent him from studying, and was only too eager to amuse them by the vivacity of his spirits and his truly Irish talent for music and song. Even when he had no visitors, he was seldom able to play the student. He was rarely known to read a book through whether it were a treatise on philosophy or a romance. He would begin following out some theory of his own or constructing his own air-castles and forget his author completely. What

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<sup>1</sup> See the above mentioned article on Wolfe in the *Dublin University Magazine*, November, 1842.

he did read, however, he retained and his desultory information seems to have been considerable. It is no wonder, therefore, that when his friends urged him to apply for a fellowship, his vacillation and lack of application to his studies should have irritated them. There were other reasons for his conduct, however, than are to be found in his facile disposition. The statute forbidding fellows to marry had lately been revived and Wolfe had recently been thinking more about a certain young lady than the parents of the damsel thought good for either of them. Dr. Russell gives no names and refers very casually to this episode, but he lets us understand that Wolfe's passion was a serious one and that the rejection of his suit, which was never formally made, pressed heavily upon him. He leaves room, however, for a reader to grow somewhat indignant at Wolfe's supineness, for the girl herself seems to have been touched, and means have been found since the world began to soften or to outwit obdurate parents. Be this as it may, Wolfe had his passion and that passion has left its mark on at least two delightful poems. The affair had also the indirect effect of kindling a calmer passion in Wolfe's breast—a passion for the beauty of external nature. For many years he had been cooped up in Dublin, rarely taking a short walk into the surrounding country. His sweetheart's family resided, however, "in the most picturesque part of the county of Dublin," and in his frequent visits to them, Wolfe came under the spell which few true poets escape. He subsequently made expeditions to such romantic spots as Lough Bray, in the northern part of County Wicklow, and he recorded both in verse and prose his new and powerful sensations of delight.

Wolfe graduated B.A., as has been seen, in 1814; he was ordained deacon in November, 1817. In the interim he had had his love affair and had written most, if not all, of his poetry. It does not appear that his disappointment in love or his profound grief at the death of his friend Graves had any effect upon his determination to take orders. He had long been deeply religious and his mind had for some time

been set on entering the Church. Perhaps, however, the two shocks he suffered may have aroused him from his constitutional lethargy, for which his feeble health must be held partly accountable, and shown him the necessity of putting forth his powers in some worthy work. Certain it is that from the date of his ordination to the complete breaking down of his health, he must be charged rather with overtaxing his strength than with wasting it. It took no little strength to break away as he did, one month after he had been ordained, from the pleasant society of his college to the solitude of an obscure curacy in the north of Ireland. How he bore the change may be gathered from the following extract from one of his letters. It may be remarked that Wolfe's letters are always straightforward and interesting, and that it is a pity that more of them have not been preserved.

BALLYCLOG, TYRONE, DEC. II, 1817.

MY DEAR ———:

I am now sitting by myself, opposite my turf-fire, with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the Glebe House, surrounded by mountains, frost and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am totally unacquainted, except a disbanded artilleryman, his wife and two children, who attend me, the church warden and clerk of the parish. Do not, however, conceive that I repine; I rather congratulate myself on my situation; however, I am beginning rather poetically than historically, and at once hurrying you "in medias res." Alas! what could bring Horace into my head here? Well, I arrived at Auchnacloy, without an adventure, on Saturday, at half-past eleven; posted from thence to the Glebe House of Mr. S——, a fine large mansion, situated in a wild, bleak country, alternately mountain and bog. . . . On Sunday I arrived at this place, where I opened my career by reading prayers. . . . Comparatively happy should I be if I could continue the hermit of Ballyclog; but I am not doomed to such seclusion.

The last sentence has reference to the fact that his permanent curacy was to be at Castle Caulfield, not far from Ballyclog. Thither he shortly repaired in time to officiate on Christmas-day, and then went on a visit to his friend, Dr. Meredith, rector of Ardtrea. Writing thence to one of his "gang," as he styled his college mates, he recalled with regret his Ballyclog hermitage.

I am now in a country far superior, both in cultivation and society, to

that which is my ultimate destination. I am surrounded by grandees, who count their incomes by thousands, and by clergymen innumerable; however, I have kept out of their reach; I have preferred my turf-fire, my books, and the memory of the friends I have left, to all the society that Tyrone can furnish—with one bright exception. At M——'s I am indeed every way at home, I am at home in friendship and hospitality, in science and literature, in our common friends and acquaintances, and topics of religion.

Next month finds him once more at his parish, and he writes:—

I am again the weather-beaten curate. I have trudged roads, forded bogs, braved snow and rain, become umpire between the living, have counselled the sick, administered to the dying, and to-morrow shall bury the dead.

Then he goes back to Ballyclog for a while, visits Dublin, and finally in July makes a permanent settlement in Castle Caulfield, the principal village of the parish of Donoughmore. His account of his removal is humorous:—

One wagon contained my whole fortune and family (with the exception of a cow, which was driven alongside of the wagon), and its contents were two large trunks, a bed and its appendages; and on the top of these, which were piled up so as to make a very commanding appearance, sat a woman (my future housekeeper) and her three children, and by their side stood a calf of three weeks old, which has lately become an inmate in my family.

In his new charge Wolfe labored zealously and successfully. Presbyterians and Methodists formed a majority of the population; but he won first their respect and finally their love, although they were very suspicious of him at the outset. He had no equals to associate with, and he therefore gave up nearly all his time to parochial work, especially to his Sunday-school. He was peculiarly happy in his manners with the plain farmers and laborers, talking to them familiarly with his hand on their shoulders and his eyes searching theirs. His sermons, if we may judge from the specimens Dr. Russell has preserved, were practical and free from affectation, so it is no wonder that the number of communicants soon exceeded the original number of his congregation, or that he could get £140 voted for a school with the sentiment, "Long life to you, Mr. Wolfe, and long may you reign



over us." And his health seemed to thrive under all his labors and he wrote that he had never been "so free from even the affectation of a cough."

Meanwhile he did not forget his friends in Dublin, and once at least he paid them a visit. Perhaps at this time he took priest's orders. On his return he was subjected to an unpleasant accident which he described to a correspondent in the following humorous way:—

You may remember the blunder that was said to have been committed by a certain historian who had related a shipwreck on the *coast of Bohemia*: do not, however, suspect me of the same ignorance of geography, when I inform you, that in my voyage from Dublin to Castle Caulfield, I was shipwrecked on the coast of Monaghan: until then I had always thought it an inland county; but, to my surprise, I found that half the country, between this place and Ardee, was under water. The fact is, a river had overflowed the road, so as to render the bank undistinguishable, and the wheel went down; another step would have upset us altogether; and in a few days you might have seen me *in the Newry paper*. As it was, it cost me a raw hour between three and four in the morning, before we were able to *weigh anchor* again.

But he was soon to have greater trials than this. The typhus fever began to rage in the north of Ireland, and his own parish did not escape. He was always conscientious in visiting the sick, and now that duty became doubly pressing. He exposed himself on all occasions and disregarded even the meagre comforts of life he had hitherto known. With his naturally delicate constitution there could be only one result—consumption. Dr. Russell, in describing this period, neglects an opportunity for effective treatment of a wonderfully touching episode; but Mrs. Humphry Ward has recently done the subject justice in "Robert Elsmere." One cannot help speculating whether she thought of Wolfe while she was writing.

Notwithstanding the warnings of his friends Wolfe persisted in what he thought to be his plain duty. At last Dr. Russell grew so alarmed at the reports which reached him that he set out from Dublin determined to bring his friend to his senses. He finally succeeded in inducing Wolfe to suspend his work for a season, and then hurried him off to Ed-

inburgh to consult a celebrated physician. This was in May, 1821. On his journey Wolfe happened to fall in with a deputation from the Irish Tract Society, who were going to Edinburgh to hold an important meeting, and at their request he delivered a short address in which he paid an eloquent tribute to the Irish genius. Returning to his parish, he received a welcome not unlike, we may imagine, that given an old Irish chieftain on his return from a successful raid. In the words of his biographer,

As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, showing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance, making the most anxious inquiries about his health.

But although his heart must have been cheered at this reception, his increasing weakness forced him away to Dublin, where he could have more comforts than in a cottage which could leave the following picture on the memory of a visitor:—

A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books, a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda, and two trunks containing all his papers—serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor—constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlor was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil.

But Dublin, where he became the "victim of leeches and blisters," could not help him, for he worried over the condition in which his parish was left, fearing lest his "poor flock should fall into the hands of a careless, worldly minded pastor." At last the physicians forced him to tender his resignation to the Primate who, knowing his man's worth, hesitated to accept it, and urged the appointment of a substitute.

So poor Wolfe passed his time in a state of anxious incertitude, and his letters reflect his sorrows and fears, but at the same time his manly spirit of resignation. Finally it was determined to send him to the south of France; but violent gales twice beat back his ship to Holyhead and he was so much exhausted that he had to abandon his plans and to spend the winter of 1821-22 near Exeter. From this place he continued to write pathetic letters to his friends, praising the devotion of his sisters and of the clergyman in whose house he was living, regretting that he should have accepted the curacy of Armagh with its many duties, sending messages of love to those who had been kind to him, and concluding always with some utterance of heartfelt piety. In the summer of 1822 he returned to his "poor Ireland" and spent some time with friends in and near Dublin. His cough continuing violent, he was again ordered to Bourdeaux. This time he succeeded in reaching his haven, though not without a storm. He wrote home that he should have enjoyed sailing up the Garonne, the noblest and grandest river he ever beheld, had it not been the Lord's day, which he would gladly have spent in another way. But he was not destined to spend many more on earth. He returned from Bourdeaux in less than a month, and the apparent improvement in his health was only deceptive. Both his spirits and his strength began visibly to flag. He was removed to the Cove of Cork (now Queenstown) for the winter, Dr. Russell and his favorite sister accompanying him; and there he died on the twenty-first of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age.

On the day before he died his physician thought it necessary to tell him that his end was very near, at the same time expressing the belief that his mind had been so raised above the world that he could bear the news with calmness. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I trust that I have been learning to live above the world." Then he spoke a few words on the reasonableness of his hopes, and seeing that those present were impressed, he continued for an hour "in such a convincing,

affecting, and solemn strain . . . that the physician, on retiring to the adjoining room, threw himself on the sofa, in tears, exclaiming, 'There is something superhuman about that man; it is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted; such mental vigor in a poor frame dropping into the grave.'"

If one searches Wolfe's portrait (his biographer is very chary of personal details) one finds in the plain but attractive face indications of the good nature, the humor, and the sprightliness that characterized the man; but one looks in vain for any indication of superhuman strength. Yet as one studies his correspondence and reads between the lines of his biography, one becomes convinced that underneath the easy demeanor of the desultory student and hail-fellow-well-met companion lay powers and emotions which could at times express themselves in noble and elevating verse, at times in the devotion to duty which displayed itself in the fever stricken huts of Tyrone. So near akin in their origin are the forces which go to make the poet and the martyr. But as Wolfe's great poem, and not his heroic life and pathetic death, has made his name live among men, it is time to conclude this paper with a short discussion of his literary remains.

It is probable that all Wolfe's poems were written before he left Dublin in 1817; but, as has been stated, it is difficult to determine the exact order in which they were composed. Two prize poems on sacred subjects and two essays in Latin verse may be unhesitatingly classed as *juvenilia*, and we then have thirteen poems, aggregating 820 lines, on which to base his poetic fame. A small amount surely, about half the meagre product of Collins's exquisite genius and considerably less than half the product of that other bard who "never spoke out," Thomas Gray. But as no one who reads Collins and Gray dreams of denying that they are true poets, so no one will dream of denying Wolfe's claim to the title if his slight work be properly weighed. The question will arise, however, why he was content to leave so little behind, and the answer will be as difficult to give as in the case of Collins



or Gray. After he took his curacy he doubtless had little time "to strictly meditate the thankless muse," but his unproductiveness during his college life must be set down to other causes, constitutional lethargy being perhaps the chief. Whether he would have developed his powers under more favorable circumstances must also remain a matter of doubt, but there are reasons for believing that his best work was also his latest, which means that he was developing, and there is also reason to say with Mr. Palgrave:—"Wolfe resembled Keats, not only in his early death by consumption and the fluent freshness of his poetical style, but in beauty of character: brave, tender, energetic, unselfish, modest. Is it fanciful to find some reflex of these qualities in the *Burial* and *Mary*? Out of the abundance of the *heart* . . ." Is it fanciful, we may ask on our own account, to believe that out of these qualities an original and delightful, if not great, poet would have been evolved, had not disease and death intervened?

The prize poem on Jugurtha's imprisonment has been referred to already, and the doubt as to the date of its composition has been intimated. If it is to be assigned to his twenty-second year, it must be considered as a feeble performance containing a few passable lines. It is in blank verse, a measure which Wolfe tried only three times, but in which he made perceptible improvement under Wordsworth's influence. The "Battle of Busaco," which celebrated in rather barren heroic couplets Wellington's victory over the French on September 26th, 1810, may be regarded as having been composed shortly after that event. The couplet—

Who hung on British Moore in his retreat,  
And purchased dear experience by defeat—

is quoted to show Wolfe's early interest in the subject of his most famous poem. The war in Spain also gave birth to a spirited song to the air "Viva el Rey Fernando," which Wolfe had no sooner heard, than he commenced singing it over and over and fitting English words to it. There is an unpremeditated music in the following stanza:—

Her standard o'er us arching  
 Is burning red and far;  
 The soul of Spain is marching  
 In thunders to the war.—  
 Look round your lovely Spain,  
 And say, shall Gaul remain?—

To this period are perhaps to be ascribed the verses entitled "Patriotism," which, whatever else may be said of them, are eminently creditable to Wolfe's heart. Ireland has had many loving sons, but none who more truly and passionately adored her than did Wolfe. For this reason the following apostrophe is as moving to-day as it doubtless was to the undergraduates who first heard it recited:—

O Erin! O my mother! I will love thee!  
 Whether upon thy green, Atlantic throne,  
 Thou sitt'st august, majestic, and sublime;  
 Or on thy empire's last remaining fragment,  
 Bendest forlorn, dejected and forsaken,—  
 Thy smiles, thy tears, thy blessings, and thy woes,  
 Thy glory and thy infamy, be mine!

The same love for Ireland breathes through the irregular verses entitled "A Birthday Poem," the date of which is hard to determine. These verses show the influence of Scott and afford little that is quotable. The "fluent freshness" of which Mr. Palgrave speaks is, however, visible in the lines:—

There she dwells—my Erin's maid—  
 In her charming native shade;  
 I have placed my stamp upon her,  
 Erin's radiant brow of honor;  
 Spirits lambent—heart that's glowing—  
 Mind that's rich, and soul o'erflowing;  
 She moves with her bounding mountain grace,  
 And the light of her heart is in her face.

Erin is also the motive force in the Moore-like verses "To a Friend," and the song beginning—

O my love has an eye of the softest blue

could hardly have been written by any one except an admirer of the genial Irish poet whom posterity has been

treating with unnecessary harshness of late. There is little, however, in these poems to detain us, but they bring us naturally to the tiny group of love songs inspired by Wolfe's unfortunate passion and dear to all who are lucky enough to be acquainted with them.

The first of these songs (if Dr. Russell's order be followed) was composed to accompany Wolfe's favorite Irish air, "Gramachree." He had never heard any words fitted to it that seemed to him appropriate, and at the desire of a friend he composed the following stanzas, which may well bear the name Mr. Palgrave has given them:—

MARY.

If I had thought thou could'st have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou could'st mortal be;  
It never through my mind had past,  
That time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak—thou dost not say,  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this hear  
In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore!

It is difficult to praise this poem too highly. If Shelley thought the "Burial of Sir John Moore" a rough sketch of Campbell's, would he have called this a rough sketch of Burns'? Rough it is, perhaps, especially in its too frequent use of such abbreviations as "e'er" and "e'en," but if any song in the language has the "lyrical cry" or the note of "piercing pathos," this surely has. The last four lines may be Wordsworthian, but they recall Wordsworth at his best, and they deserve to live as long as English poetry shall delight the hearts and the minds of men.

Another song of some merit, of which only one stanza can be given, was also written by request, and probably dates from the rejection of his suit. It begins:—

Go, forget me—why should sorrow  
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?  
 Go, forget me—and to-morrow  
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.  
 Smile—though I shall not be near thee;  
 Sing—though I shall never hear thee;  
 May thy soul with pleasure shine  
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Passing over the not remarkable stanzas entitled "The Frailty of Beauty," we come to the song which Mr. Gosse has chosen "as a favorable specimen of Wolfe's ordinary style"—a style which he describes as full of ardor, but which he hardly does justice to. It is connected with the awakening to the beauties of nature which the poet experienced along with his awakening to love.

O say not that my heart is cold  
 To aught that once could warm it—  
 That Nature's form so dear of old  
 No more has power to charm it;  
 Or that th' ungenerous world can chill  
 One glow of fond emotion  
 For those who made it dearer still  
 And shared my wild devotion.



Still oft those solemn scenes I view  
In rapt and dreamy sadness;  
Oft look on those who lov'd them too  
With fancy's idle gladness;  
Again I long'd to view the light  
In Nature's features glowing;  
Again to tread the mountain's height  
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern Duty rose, and frowning flung  
His leaden chain around me;  
With iron look and sullen tongue  
He mutter'd as he bound me—  
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,  
Unfit for toil the creature;  
These for the free alone are given,—  
But what have slaves with Nature."

The influence of Moore, which is again seen in these touching stanzas, is paralleled by the influence of Wordsworth, which is recognized in a blank-verse poem written under the stress of much the same feelings and entitled "Lough Bray," the name, it will be remembered, of the romantic spot in County Wicklow, which Wolfe once visited. This poem has merits which suggest the possibility of Wolfe's development as a serious, meditative poet had his life been spared. The three best lines are contained in a parenthesis, which Wordsworth could hardly have written, to judge from their matter, but which he might well have written, to judge from their form:—

— for on this heart  
Has beauteous Nature seldom smiled, and scarce  
A casual wind has blown the veil aside,  
And shewn me her immortal lineaments.

We now come to the famous ode which has a curious history. It was first published with the initials "C. W." appended, in an obscure Irish newspaper, *The Newry Telegraph*, sometime during the year 1817. The poem was obtained through the instrumentality of a friend of Wolfe's, the author knowing nothing of the affair. It became popular at once, and was copied, without the initials, into most of the London

journals where it commanded the attention of Lord Byron who transcribed it and sent it to his sister. Medwin heard Byron and Shelly discussing one day the best recent lyrics, and in the course of the conversation, saw Byron go out and return with a magazine from which he read Wolfe's ode, pronouncing it to be little inferior to the best poem of the kind that the age had produced. In some way the blundering captain took it into his head that Byron was palming off one of his own compositions, and in the first edition of his well known "Conversations," he stated his belief. Having received ample proofs of Wolfe's authorship, he retracted his statement in the second edition of his book. But so fine a poem could not go unclaimed, and it was attributed to several popular poets and many village bards. One Durham wit forged a letter which made a certain horse-doctor, named Marshall, pose as the author. Others claimed it for a Rev. Mr. Barnard, but this mistake was cleared up by showing that the reverend gentleman had only written "verses occasioned by the death of Capt. —, 9th Regiment of Dragoons, who fell in the battle of Waterloo." Even as late as 1841, a Scotch schoolmaster, named Mackintosh, desiring, perhaps, to imitate Macpherson, now that both Dr. Johnson and his stick were out of the way, claimed the poem and imposed on several gentlemen who ought to have known better. He was finally forced to confess his lie, and then the Royal Irish Academy thoroughly investigated the question and settled Wolfe's authorship once for all.

The date at which the ode was written is obscure, as has been stated; but a letter of the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan, Wolfe's collegemate, gives an authentic account of the manner of its composition. Wolfe entered his friend's room one night and found him reading the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1808. Mr. O'Sullivan began to read aloud a description of the battle of Corunna to which Wolfe listened attentively. Then the two went for a walk, Wolfe remaining very silent until they were nearly home, when he turned to his companion and repeated the first and last stanzas of the ode as we have them.

His friend praised them highly and encouraged him to complete the poem, thus deserving the thanks of millions of readers.<sup>1</sup>

It would be, of course, superfluous to quote here so well known a poem. It may be remarked, however, that as it is now printed, it shows several variations from the copy in Wolfe's handwriting which is in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy. For example the line in the seventh stanza running,

That the foe was sullenly firing,

seems originally to have stood,

That the foe was suddenly firing.

The innovation has, nevertheless, commended itself by long usage, and it is certainly to be preferred from considerations both of style and matter.

It would be just as superfluous to praise a poem which has never since the day it was published failed to delight and elevate the hearts of men. As Mr. Gosse well says, it is "pre-eminent for simplicity, patriotic fervor, and manly pathos." There is nothing in it, perhaps, that has the subtle charm to be found in the last four lines of the "Stanzas to Mary," but subtle charm rarely renders a poem popular. None of Wolfe's work, for example, has the purity that marks the verses of his companion in harsh fate and scanty outflowing of genius, William Collins, but although Collins is a far greater poet, nothing that he wrote will ever be as popular as Wolfe's one poem. But whether Wolfe satisfies the rigorous critic or not, his name will constantly recur when we think

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<sup>1</sup>See *Dublin University Magazine*, November, 1842. It may be mentioned that Mr. Gosse is clearly right in denying that Wolfe "paraphrased very closely" the report in the *Annual Register*. The account of Sir John Moore's death there given is certainly "quite bald and commonplace, and the poet has supplied all the salient points out of his own imagination." Nevertheless there is little reason to doubt that the newspaper paragraph did suggest the inception of a poem on a subject which, as we have seen, had previously attracted Wolfe.

of Collins, and even when we think of Keats. And what a fate that is, to be thought of along with Keats!

Of Wolfe's prose little need be said. The three college essays, the two speeches, the fragmentary thoughts and the fifteen sermons collected by his biographer, are all commendable in a degree, but they will never be read. As we have said, the sermons have the merit of being free from affectation and they may, perhaps, be recommended in place of many modern volumes of religious discourses. The piety that inspired them was vital, and if they are not works of art, this is no sign that they did not produce their due effects upon the parishioners of Castle Caulfield. The straightforward charm of the letters has been sufficiently dwelt upon. But after all it is the man Wolfe that we come back to with most satisfaction, and with the memory of his noble life and death present with us, we may well lay down the pen.



## ENGLISH PHILOLOGY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

**I**N submitting the following paper to the consideration of scholars and teachers, I wish most earnestly to disclaim any purpose to reflect offensively upon modes of study or instruction in English that may be sanctioned in American universities. No unkindly feeling inspires me; my aims are broad and catholic; it is "the individual" that "withers" and the theme that "is more and more." Nor do I wish to assume the garb of Sir Oracle, or to don the mantle of the prophet. Rational and scientific criticism of my views, however adverse, is not deprecated; on the contrary, it is cordially solicited.

I lay down this comprehensive but explicit proposition, that in the greater number of American universities in which the study of the English language maintains a recognized place, the methods by which the subject is taught and inculcated are seriously if not fatally antagonistic to the development of æsthetic sense, artistic form, or stylistic grace. The originating cause of that notable absence of literary acquirement or literary faculty, which is so marked a characteristic of our American university instruction, is not far to seek, nor difficult to explain. When, some twenty-five years ago, the study of our mother speech began no longer to hide its diminished head, when the Renaissance of English, in the fullness of time and after the lapse of ages, succeeded the Renaissance of the classical tongues, it affected in the main, and continues principally to affect, but one phase of the subject to which it relates. In other words, the revival was upon an almost exclusively philological basis. The brilliant results of comparative investigation were brought to bear upon our grammatical structure by German philologues and their English imitators, and magnificent achievements have been

wrought in that direction, not in Europe alone, but in America, especially by such scholars as have been moulded and fashioned by German environment. It is a labor of supererogation to refer to the work accomplished in this still expanding field by Lounsbury, Cook, Hunt, March, Garnett, Bright, Harrison, Kent, and Primer, whose praise, to modify the apostolic eulogy, is in all the assemblies of the philologists. No one is in more genuine accord with their attitude than the writer, in so far as it implies the legitimate and symmetrical broadening of their sphere of activity; no one has toiled more assiduously to keep himself in line with the advance of this science, in Europe as well as in our own country. The evils which this paper deprecates, and against which it is designed, in the broad and impersonal sense already indicated, to be a protest, do not find their origin or their inspiration in philological study contemplated merely as such, nor in philology when restrained within limits that render it harmonious and symmetrical in its relations to the other culture forces. I reiterate my expression of attachment to the pursuit of philology in its rational sphere. I utter my warning against the subordination and repression of the literary sense by the exclusive devotion to a hard verbal discipline, a cold, fastidious exegesis of language, which is eminently characteristic of university training in the United States.

I have reference especially to conspicuous and leading centres of culture, not to that great and growing multitude of nominal colleges and universities which no man can number. These do not enter into the estimate, as their influence upon the "stream of culture tendency" is scarcely discernible. To be more specific, I will candidly admit that I have especially before my mind's eye those leading institutions which, in large measure, fix and determine the academic type throughout this country. In nearly all American universities of the character and grade represented by those just indicated, the study of English literature in the *highest* and *best* sense holds no recognized place. Harvard should be especially noted in the list of exceptions; long

may it continue to merit this honorable and rare pre-eminence!

To illustrate this almost exclusively philological tendency, one need only glance superficially over the publications of the Modern Language Association and note that portion of the volumes assigned to English. It is an unbroken series of philological minutiae, phonetic analysis, dialectic investigation, stressed or *distressed* vowels, characteristics of Pope's rhymes, laws of alliteration, etc. I may remark in passing that nearly all the essays upon dialectic peculiarities, such as those of Virginia or Tennessee, have stamped upon their face, the condemnation of narrow and restricted investigation, which is wholly at variance with the broad and comparative methods of a rational philology.

The preponderance of philological teaching is not the only charge that must be brought against our universities. Numbers of the alleged dialectic forms of Tennessee, for example, I have been accustomed to hear in other and distant sections of the South from the dawn of conscious memory. The observers have in this, as in other instances, mistaken their own standpoint for the dialectical universe. . . . "the rustic murmur of their bourg for the great wave that echoes round the world." It may be affirmed in addition that such literary training as is accomplished in the typical American university is often disfigured or marred by a strong element of the crochety and the perverse. At times it descends to a degree of puling sentimentality such as might be looked for in the essays of a budding schoolmiss rather than in the system of a matured university instructor. The jejune and feeble endeavors made in this direction, only illustrate more effectually the lack of literary grasp, perception, and acquirement that marks the purely philological votary. I do not think I render myself amenable to the charge of exaggeration or injustice when I affirm that there are scarcely two universities in America in which a comprehensive catholic training in English literature is attainable or possible; such training as serves to develop a perception of beauty of form,

the serene and tempered grace of Sir James Stephen, our own Irving, or the late Henry Reed. Even in cases in which nature has supplied the foundation and has infused the strong propensity, the university training does nothing to nourish or kindle it into objective and symmetrical character. Its tendency, assuredly without design, is to repress or stifle the literary sense by the singular perverseness that marks its teaching. In how many American universities is there a severe critical and exhilarating study of "Lycidas," "Il Penseroso," and its co-mate; of Ward's "English Poets;" of Mark Pattison's editions of Pope and of Milton's Sonnets; of such supreme types of grace and form as "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Palace of Art," or that sovereign creation of the philosophy and literature of our era, "In Memoriam?"

The absence of literary attainment among professed philologists is to be deplored, but their power for evil would be in a degree neutralized if they refrained from entering into literary spheres except in the capacity of learners or disciples. The typical English style of the modern philologue is so pronounced and characteristic, as to be almost worthy of the designation and rank of a special dialect. It may be that in some century now hidden behind a cloud of ages, it will furnish a rich and suggestive field for aspiring investigators of dialectic survivals. The distinctive feature of the elder Renaissance, at least in its Italian phase, was a supreme love of form beauty, in art as in language, though its thought lavished itself upon expression in an ancient, but ancestral tongue. This feature is graphically illustrated in Browning's poem, "The Bishop orders his tomb in St. Praxed's Church," in which the spirit of Bembo and Sadoletto is strikingly exhibited.

It is a point which ought not to be ignored, that even from a purely philological or verbal plane, literary exegesis is by no means destitute of fascination and of charm. The vocabulary of Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson is the rarest and richest of philological fields. The creative, as



well as resuscitative vigor displayed in Tennyson's *word-hord* is one of the most suggestive and stimulating phenomena in the strange eventful history of English speech since the process of reintegration and reformation that marked the "spacious times of great Elizabeth;" nor has the chronicle of our tongue exhibited a parallel since that golden day until the epoch in which "Harold," "The Princess," "In Memoriam," and the "Idylls of the King," were added to the long and brilliant procession of its achievements. Yet considerations such as these find no adequate recognition in a scheme of instruction in which the organic unity, catholicity, and harmonious relation that form the master-light of all pure art are fastidiously disregarded and remorselessly cast out.

It may be demanded, perhaps not without reason and equity, that I should illustrate my broad and comprehensive strictures by the citation of special instances and the enumeration of concrete cases. From the mere perusal of university catalogues or programmes one cannot always infer the real condition of instruction in English literature, as such publications are, from their very nature, more or less misleading and deceptive. For this reason I have not availed myself of them. My conclusions are, in the main, the outcome of patient and diligent observation in a variety of capacities and relations, and of a membership, surviving through eight years, in the Modern Language Association of America. For seven seasons I was in charge of the School of English in one of the largest and most widely known of the many summer colleges that have become a characteristic feature of our educational life within the last two decades of its history. Numbers of those with whom I was associated in the position of lecturer were graduates of leading representative institutions in New England and the North. My facilities for accurate observation, it will at once be conceded, were well adapted to the attainment of trustworthy and conclusive results. Lack of acquaintance with our literature, as illustrated in its sovereign achievements, was the normal and



prevailing condition. Teachers, university and collegiate professors, were in liberal measure represented in my daily audiences. My class was a sort of miniature world—an academic microcosm—in so far as it exhibited and portrayed the true and indisputable status of instruction in English literature in American universities during the last decades of this expiring century.

If more specific allegation be demanded, it shall not be veiled from scrutiny or withdrawn from "the pure severity of perfect light." It is a fact of which I have personal knowledge, that young men of rare discrimination, endowed with æsthetic susceptibility, and requiring only delicate guidance for the accomplishment of the purest and noblest ends in certain phases of our catholic and versatile literature, have withdrawn in despondency and in despair from at least one illustrious university shrine, where literary culture or aspiration is not only unmet and uncheered by sympathy, but is scarcely accorded a cold and chilling toleration.

During my own student life at the University of Virginia I cannot recall, in my course of instruction in Latin, a single shadowy reminiscence of æsthetic hint, critical suggestion, culture flavor, or stylistic inspiration. It was a mournful and plaintive round of local relations of prepositions, point reached by motion, object affected by an action, time how long, space how far, the distinction between *sic* and *ita*, *ergo* and *igitur*. Of *argal* I had never heard a dim intimation in those dreary and nostalgic days: as it is employed by both Shakspeare and Tennyson, I infer that it has been placed upon the *Index Expurgatorius* of the philologists. Nothing, save my early home environment and my own instinct, preserved me from chaos and disintegration. I survived the ordeal of my university training by a species of literary transcendentalism. In the school of Greek the conditions were more auspicious, as the instructor, then in the white flower of his early manhood, was endowed with a supreme discernment and gift of illumination which age has not withered and even philological brilliance has not eclipsed or

supplanted.<sup>1</sup> The same general criticism holds good in large measure of advanced instruction in our principal universities in the Germanic and Romance languages. The exclusively philological method does not wreak its thought and aggressive energy upon our vernacular alone.

The significant fact may be further noted that in all America English literary study has no recognized and accredited medium. There are journals and journals of philology, its most finely specialized phases have their means of utterance, yet of literature it may be said, without hyperbole and with genuine pathos, that "her voice is not heard," "there is no speech nor language." If by some inadvertence, or by a mere caprice of transient magnanimity, an article or essay tainted by the flavor of literary culture is admitted into the dismal precincts of a professedly philological journal, the suspected guest is subjected to a species of philological quarantine, the danger signal is hoisted, and the orthodox are fervently admonished against the possibility of impending peril.

The views set forth in this article are not in any restrictive or especial sense the mere opinions, nor, above all, the mere whims or idiosyncrasies, of the writer. They are in substantial accord with the familiar utterances and accepted deliverances of the late James Russell Lowell, the Hon. Seth Low, of Columbia College, New York, the Right Hon. James Bryce, and especially are they in perfect harmony with the views enunciated and accentuated by Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie in his address, upon the 22d of February, 1892, to the Johns Hopkins University, that stronghold and sanctuary of philological orthodoxy and conservatism. It is perhaps a work of supererogation to refer to the monograph of Mr. Churton Collins upon the Study of English Literature at the English universities, and it is assuredly the saddest of memories and most ungenial of tasks to recall the example

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<sup>1</sup>I do not overlook the fact that Greek lends itself much more generously and sympathetically to æsthetic culture than Latin.

of that marvelous historical scholar, so recently gone into the world of light, whose massive energy and catholic range of knowledge were almost completely sacrificed to a narrow, whimsical, intolerant, and remorseless philological pedantry.

For the evils which this paper deplors, and against which it is intended to serve both as a warning and a protest, I can indicate no direct or immediate remedy. The reform must come as the result of precept and example, not by spasmodic or convulsive effort, but as "the kingdom of heaven cometh," without "observation" or outward show. That the reaction will manifest itself I doubt not, but it is to be feared that much evil will be wrought before the incoming of that auspicious day, in the repression or extinction of high æsthetic aims, of keen literary susceptibility, asking only the hand that guides, the hand that scarcely a single American university holds out with cordial sympathy, or even with courteous recognition.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>The excellent work accomplished by many of the smaller American colleges did not escape the notice of that cultured and subtle observer, the Right Hon. James Bryce. (See *American Commonwealth*, Vol. II., chapter 101, page 568.) Some of the very best results attained in English especially are achieved by these modest and comparatively unknown seats of learning. I refer specifically to such institutions as are entitled to the name of university—not more than six or seven in all.

PIERRE DE RONSARD, "PRINCE OF POETS."

**C**RITICISM has perhaps seldom been more ignorant or more unfortunate than in the too-well-known lines in which Boileau contrasts the jejune talent of Malherbe, which he could appreciate, with the genius of Ronsard which he could not.

Ronsard, qui le (Marot) suivit, par un autre methode  
Reglant tout, brouilla tout, fit un art à sa mode  
Et, tout fois, eut longtemps un heureux destin,  
Mais sa muse en françois parlant grec et latin,  
Vit dans l'age suivant, par un retour grotesque,  
Tomber de ses grands mots le faste pedantesque.  
Ce poete orgueilleux, trebuché de si haut,  
Rendit plus retenu Desportes et Bertaut.

These lines Saintsbury justly calls "as false in fact as they are imbecile in criticism," but they served to obscure the Pléiade, as Ronsard's school was called, from several generations of French poets, whose verses show clearly enough that they had sore need of its light. Indeed we must come to the romantic school of the present century, to Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and their followers to find any genuine appreciation of Ronsard, and even then it is but a timid voice.

The virtues which Boileau praised in Malherbe were the blight of his own, and of all French verse, for generations. This is what he says:

Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le premier en France,  
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence,  
D'un mot, mis à sa place enseigna le pouvoir  
Et reduisit la muse aux règles du devoir.  
Par ce sage écrivain la langue réparée  
N'offrit plus rien de rude à l'oreille épurée,  
Les stances avec grace apprirent à tomber  
Et le vers sur le vers n'osa plus enjamber.

And so on, and so on, with this interminable "monotony in wire." The truth is that Malherbe "had the defects of his

qualities," to use a French expression, and the qualities were not originally his at all, but Ronsard's, of whom every word in these lines might be said with greater truth than of his somewhat dreary and pedantic successor. For the Pléiade in general, and Ronsard especially, were the first in France to preach and practise peculiar heed to the cadence of the single verse, while not for that neglecting the stanza, which the lyric poets before them had been disposed to regard as the unit in poetic composition. They were also first to reprove and regulate the once unbridled license in coining words and phrases while they permitted a just and wise liberty, as natural to their liberal training as it was abhorrent to Malherbe. Ronsard particularly insists with the greatest care both on the choice and place of words in poetic composition. In short every one of Boileau's assertions can be answered by a quotation either from Ronsard's Preface to the *Franciade* or from his *Abrégé de l' Art Poétique François*, as we shall see presently.

But to understand what the Pléiade was and what it undertook to do, we must consider briefly the state of poetry in France in the first half of the sixteenth century, we must consider "the pit whence it was digged." The preceding century had given France Charles d'Orleans and Villon. The former she had outgrown in spirit, and the easy verses of the latter were too full of local allusions and soon became too antiquated in language to maintain their place in popular esteem. Technically it is undeniable that Villon had a mastery of the stanza, and he is very strong in his command of appropriate epithets. But the bulk of his poetry is small, and of that a considerable portion is simply unintelligible jargon. He left no school. At least none of his immediate successors show signs of his influence. Rough satire and rude directness characterize Coquillart and Baude, while Martial d' Auvergne carries us back to the days of the simple pastorals.

The prevailing style of the fifteenth century poets in France, however, was neither theirs nor his, but rather the



hopelessly artificial allegory fostered by Chastelain and his school, who are usually known as the *Rhétoriciens*. Strained in subject and in form, their work is equally so in language. The grossest latinisms abound, and if Greek is less drawn upon it is only because it was less known. It was this style that survived and claimed the devoted admiration of the early sixteenth century. Crétin, whose name Rabelais has made a byeword,<sup>1</sup> is to Marot what Virgil had been to Dante, the "soveran poet."

Such, then, was the condition of French poetry when the renaissance began to make itself felt as a literary force, manifesting itself in different ways and in varying degrees of intensity in the various branches of literature, as was natural; for France was in all Europe precisely the country where the old and new tendencies came in most immediate contact and sharpest conflict. On the one hand we find the ideals of the *Rhétoriciens* carried out, though modified to their advantage, by Jehan de Maire and Bouchet, while the convivial and satirical verses of Jehan de Pantalis and Roger de Collyere suggest the healthier tradition of Villon. But it may suffice here to recall the dictum of Saintsbury: "Perhaps no equal period in all early French history produced more and at the same time worse verse than the reign of Louis XII." (1498-1515). The second quarter of the century, however, was illustrated by a real poet, Marot, and it is by contrasting him with Ronsard that we gain a just appreciation of the latter's place and mission in French literary history.

That Marot was a man of independent and catholic taste appears in his choosing to edit Villon and in his love for the mediæval romances of his country, then out of fashion and hidden in a long eclipse, while his first work in contrast to these was itself a homage to the school of the *Rhétoriciens*. He bore witness also to the freedom of his thought by numerous and prolonged exiles from his native land, brought upon him

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<sup>1</sup> Raminagrobis, in Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, iii. 21, seems certainly to be intended for Crétin.

by his devotion to the Protestant cause. He was a voluminous and in his day popular writer, but in later times the esteem in which he has been held, has been almost exactly in inverse ratio to that of Ronsard, for it was just that state of criticism and of popular taste that led Malherbe and his followers to attack Ronsard on the one hand, that fitted them on the other to enjoy Marot's smooth, easy, graceful, and somewhat shallow wit, while the sounder judgment of our day that has restored Ronsard to his due place has naturally relegated Marot to his.

It is a strange misconception to call Marot, as the school histories still are wont to do, the Father of French Poetry, for he is as clearly a legitimate descendant of the story-tellers of the *Fabliaux* as he is an ancestor of La Fontaine. If we may be permitted to cite Saintsbury once more, who is really admirable for this entire period, Marot "brought out the best aspects of the older French literature and cleared away some disfiguring encumbrances from it, but he imported nothing new." The same critic regards him as inferior to Charles d'Orleans in sentiment and to Villon in passion and humor. He was popular because he reflected the taste of his time, not because he led it, and in the outward form of verse and language his merit is rather in the good use he makes of what he finds than in any effort or desire to enrich either the one or the other. Nor can much more be said for his followers, not even for Mellin de St. Gelais, Ronsard's declared rival. The literature that had gone before, coupled with the wide diffusion of literary taste that came from the renaissance and from Italy, would have justified us in looking for such a poet as Marot, for he is the natural outgrowth of the literary conditions of his time. With Ronsard and his brothers of the Pléiade the case is different. They were conscious innovators, their advent could not have been anticipated and, indeed, is almost a unique fact in European literary history.

It was probably in 1541 that Pierre de Ronsard, then a travelled young soldier of seventeen, abandoned a career that had led him to Germany, to England, twice to Scotland, and

perhaps to Italy, a career that had brought him a shipwreck and a catarrh of the ear that nearly cost him his hearing; left all this with a sudden impulse for the studious retirement of the Collège Coqueret at Paris, and the much prized teachings of Daurat, already a scholar of wide and growing renown. Here by one of those providential coincidences he found a group of congenial companions that he would have sought in vain elsewhere in France. Belleau and Baif were already there. Du Bellay he had persuaded to accompany him from Poitiers. The famous dramatist Jodelle and Pontus de Tyard soon joined them. These constituted the seven stars of the Pléiade. Of them all Daurat alone, though the guiding spirit, was not actively productive, and a poetic fancy has dubbed him the "dark star" of this constellation. Yet it is no doubt to his inspiration, if not to his direct teaching, that we must attribute the rising ambition of this little group to inaugurate a reform in French literature, basing their efforts on the study of the classics and foreign languages but not, as has been sometimes hastily assumed, proposing to import classical or foreign forms, whether words or metres, bodily into their own tongue. Indeed, as we shall see presently, they are anxious to disavow any such intent and are unsparing in their satire and criticism of the pedantic latinizers among the *Rhétoriciens*.

In 1549 the group felt already sure enough of their ground to venture on a proclamation of their views and purposes. The preparation of their declaration was given to Du Bellay, who had perhaps been the leader in the school though he came soon to take a second place. He was a remarkable man, however, for though he died in 1560, when but thirty-five years old, being a year younger than Ronsard, yet in this brief space he produced a body of verse, short indeed, but which, both for its smallness and sustained worth suggests the work of the English poet Gray. But Du Bellay will always be best known for his proclamation of the principles of the brotherhood, the *Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française*. Perhaps this may be more than just to him, how-

ever, for Ronsard in the *Discours à Loys des Masures*<sup>1</sup> makes Du Bellay's shade address him in these words:

Qui premier me poussas et me formas la vois  
A celebrer l'honneur du langage François.

Thus he expressly states that it was to Ronsard that Du Bellay owed his philological inspiration, and this is made the more probable by the fact that it was but a year later that Ronsard published his Pindaric Odes with the express intention of illustrating the principles of the *Défense*.

The purpose of this famous pamphlet is to urge its readers who have entered the Greek and Roman camps "to escape from the midst of the Greeks and through the ranks of the Romans and enter the heart of their own well-beloved France," that is to bring with them from those foreign literatures what may be of value to their own. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* might have been their motto. "Our ancestors," continued Du Bellay, "have left our language to us so poor and bare that it has need of the ornaments, and if we may speak so, of the plumes of others. But, then, who would pretend that Greek or Latin were always as excellent as at the time of Horace or Demosthenes, of Virgil or Cicero? Our language is beginning to blossom again without bearing fruit, not surely by any fault in its nature, but rather by the fault of those who have had the care of it." To remedy this he continues, "It is not enough to translate. What must we do, then? We must imitate the Romans as they did the Greeks, as Cicero imitated Demosthenes, and Virgil, Homer. We must make the best authors part of ourselves and, after digesting them, turn them to blood and nourishment."

"Studies," he says, "are the wings by which the writings of men soar to heaven." But French verse has been too easy-going. The *chanson*, in his estimation, is hopelessly inferior to the ode as the vehicle of any noble poetic thought, inferior because too facile; so, too, he prefers the sonnet to the

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<sup>1</sup> Ronsard, *Oeuvres* (édition Blanchemain) vii. 52.



eight or ten line poems made familiar to us by Marot. He was blinded here, as it seems to us, by the brilliancy of the Italian sonneteers, and perhaps he was open to the accusation that he approved what was foreign because it was foreign, rather than because it was good. But the same complaint cannot lie against his dramatic strictures and his commendation of the more regular comedy and tragedy, then known in France only through translations chiefly of Seneca, but soon to be established definitely by his friend and companion, Jodelle. It may be contended, however, we think successfully, that the example of contemporary Italy was more potent in this than that of ancient Rome.

Now, it seems to us probable that all thoughtful men who read widely in the French literature of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries will find the conviction deepen that the language as a vehicle of literary expression was in sore need of the infusion of new blood. Whence could this come if it were not from the more advanced literary culture of Italy and from the sources from which that literature had drawn its renewed life, the revival of classical learning? In their aims the Pléiade were thoroughly national and patriotic, and if there was an occasionally exaggerated ebullition, as there certainly was, in the main their course was sober and fruitful from the first, while they were quick to learn from their own errors, and their last work is among their best.

As has been said, Du Bellay's essay was followed closely by Ronsard's first collection of Odes, a youthful and not always successful application of the principles he professed. Of course it awakened violent criticism among the disciples of Marot, for Ronsard had a standing at court and was not to be ignored. It is of this time that the story is told how St. Gelais, his chief opponent, and later his good friend, tried to prejudice Ronsard's case before the king by reading his verses in a tone of parody, when Margaret of Savoy showed her generous nature and her appreciation of the new poet by snatching the volume from his rival's hand and reading the verses herself. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Ron-



sard was from that time till his death popular both at court and among the people to a degree perhaps unrivalled in France, a fact which alone might make us hesitate to accept the dictum of those who call him pedantic. Indeed, the contemporary criticism was soon confined to the Huguenots who found no fault with the verses, but accused the man sometimes of being a priest, sometimes a licentious atheist, so far as can be seen without even the excuse of probability for their slanders. It will be remembered that Marot was a Protestant.

It is certain, however, that this first volume of odes has furnished a handle to Ronsard's detractors in later times, and has done more than any of them to obscure his fame. The benevolent Sainte-Beuve is constrained to denounce some of these imitations of Pindar as "detestable and almost unreadable." But after all these are comparatively few. They are the first labored flights of a new-fledged genius that was soon to soar on an easy and confident wing. His theory was better than his practice; he did not immediately attain the goal he sought, but he saw it clearly from the first. He states his ideas very well in his *Art of French Poetry*, first printed in 1565, from which we cite here the most characteristic and important passages:

"You should not," he says, "reject the old words of our romances, but select from them with a ripe and careful choice. Observe carefully the artizans of all trades, especially the smiths, for from them you may draw many rich and beautiful comparisons. . . . You must choose and appropriate dexterously to your work the most significant words of the dialects of our France, especially if you have not such good or suitable words in your own dialect, and you must not mind whether the words are of Gascony, of Poitiers, of Normandy, Manche, or Lyonnais, as long as they are good and signify exactly what you want to say. And do not affect too much the language of the court, which is sometimes very bad, because it is the language of ladies and of young gentlemen who make profession rather of fighting well than of

talking well. And observe that the Greek language would never have been so rich in dialects or in words had it not been for the great number of republics that flourished at that time . . . whence came many dialects, all held without distinction as good by the learned writers of those times. For a country can never be so perfect in all things that it cannot borrow sometimes from its neighbors, . . . though since our France obeys a single king, we are constrained, if we wish to attain any honor, to speak his language, otherwise our labor, however honorable and perfect it may be, will be little esteemed, or perhaps utterly despised."

In this we see no disposition to latinize. Indeed, Ronsard is so far from any such purpose that he says a little further on: "They who first dared to leave the classical tongue to honor that of their own country were truly fortunate men, and not ungrateful citizens, but rather worthy to be crowned in public statues, and worthy that from age to age we should make a perpetual memorial of them and of their virtues."

Again, in the Preface to the *Franciade*, he returns to the same subject, and says with even greater emphasis: "I want to encourage you to a wise boldness in inventing new words so long as they are molded and fashioned on a pattern already recognized by the people," a very keen-sighted and important limitation. "It is very hard to write well in our language unless it be enriched more than now by words and various modes of expression. Those who write it every day know very well what to think of it. It is very annoying always to use the same word. Then, too, I counsel you not to hesitate to restore old words, and especially those of the Wallon and Picard dialects, . . . and choose the most pregnant and significant words not only of that language, but of all the provinces of France, to serve your verse when you need them. . . . Besides, if old words, abolished by usage, have left some offshoot . . . you can prune, amend, and cultivate it," and he adds several examples, reminding us very much in all this of the saying of Dante, who asserted that in the *Divine Comedy* the language had never constrained

him to say what it would, but he had always compelled the language to say what he would. Indeed, we cannot but feel that however the case may be now in Academy-ridden France, Ronsard comprehended for his time very exactly what it meant to have a "mastery" of his native language.

That he would not under all circumstances have allowed himself as wide a liberty is clear from another sentence toward the close: "It is one thing to write in a flourishing language received now among people as living and natural, approved by kings, princes, senators, merchants and tradesmen; and another thing to write in a dead language, mute and buried under the silence of such a space of years." Here one may take no liberties, but "there is no reason to suppose that nature should be so prodigal of her gifts to two or three nations that she will not guard her wealth as well for the last as the first." It is because the French Academy has regarded the language as a mummy that you cannot read French books with its dictionary. The new school of French writers is to-day sitting at the feet of Ronsard and smiles approval as the old man says: "I counsel you, as I have said, to use all dialects indifferently. Among them the court language is the most refined, but it cannot be perfect without the aid of the others, for each garden has its particular flower. . . . I counsel you to learn Greek and Latin, and Spanish and Italian too, and when you know them perfectly then come back under your own flag like a good soldier and write in your mother tongue as did Homer, Hesiod, Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Virgil, Livy, Sallust, Lucretius, and a thousand others, who spoke the language of laborers, and man-servants, and chamber-girls. It is high treason to abandon the language of one's country, living and growing, to try to unearth some ashes of the ancients. It would be more worthy of a good bourgeois or citizen to hunt up and make a lexicon of the old words in 'Arthur,' 'Launcelot,' and 'Gawain,' or to comment on the 'Romance of the Rose,' than to amuse one's self with some musty Latin grammar."

Let it be remembered that these sentences were written

before Montaigne had taught in his essays an easy prose style. There is a vigor and brilliancy here which, of course, is much obscured in translation. One must have read widely in the prose that preceded Ronsard, however, to appreciate what an enormous advance his work marked, though the praise must be shared in large measure with Du Bellay. But we have ventured on these long quotations less on this account than because they seem to us the most important contemporary testimony to the way the builders of our modern languages felt toward the work they were bringing to its consummation in this sixteenth century both in France and in Spain, in Germany and in England. Political unity gives the first impulse. A court language arises that imposes itself on a territory much larger than the original fiefs, and corresponds more or less to our modern divisions. This court language does not indeed impose itself by edict, perhaps it is not universally taught in the schools, and it is certainly not generally talked by the common people, but it is recognized by literary men as the only road to eminence and general national renown. Dialects then take a wholly subordinate place from whence they never emerge, but the court language is, after all, only one of the dialects, the strongest and best, no doubt, but, as we know, and as Ronsard felt, capable of improvement and enrichment by adaptations from all its neighbors, and by scholarly importations also, if only they are "on a pattern already recognized by the people." This is a phase of every European language though the development is different in each of them, both in regard to structure and to vocabulary. Ronsard's work was what he thought it was, truly patriotic, a work by which he and his friends did for France what a century of writers did unconsciously for England. He has been compared with the English Euphuists. It would be more just to compare him in this respect with Luther, though of course there is contrast as well as likeness.

It is very strange that the debt of the French language to Ronsard should ever have been forgotten. His contempora-



ries, by a strange reversal of the usual fate of poets, were more just to him than his copyists and the heirs of his rich heritage. Men whose names are better known in the world of to-day than his own, recognized his unquestioned superiority. Tasso, who was in Paris in 1571, was zealous to submit to him his first cantos of *Jerusalem Delivered*, and was proud to win the approval of a man who probably does not count one reader to his hundred. Pasquier went so far as to pronounce that "all is admirable in him," and the renowned critic Scaliger was of much the same opinion. Montaigne thought that in him French poetry had reached its zenith, and that Ronsard was the peer of the ancients. To-day Montaigne is translated and retranslated, printed in cheap and annotated editions, yes, even served up for the American schoolboy, and Ronsard must still listen to the text-books of the literature he did so much to create as they laboriously explain this "error of half a century" in his favor. But the ungratefulness of the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may be excused by their characteristic indolent and complacent ignorance of their literary history; not so that of Malherbe who actually copies the forms he ridicules.

But let us return to Ronsard that we may endeavor to judge his title to live as a poet as well as a reformer. If we turn to an early edition of his works we shall find placed in the front rank a group of poems called *Amours*.<sup>1</sup> It is pleasanter to enter his poetic garden by this rustic bridge than to force our way to the Sleeping Beauty through the thorn hedge of the Pindaric Odes. Ronsard was a religious man, though not an ascetic one. The standards of his time were liberal, however, he was a poet of delicate and strong feelings, and two or perhaps three of the women to whom these *Amours* are addressed seem to have smiled on his suit. The first,

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<sup>1</sup>This is also the order preserved in Sainte-Beuve's volume of extracts from Ronsard (Paris, Garnier Frères) from which all the citations that follow are taken. The selections are very well made and the notes and comments very helpful. The standard complete edition of Ronsard is that of P. Blanchemain in seven volumes. Paris, 1867.



Cassandre, was a maid of Blois. His earliest verses to her were sonnets, usually studied from Petrarch, but not without original flashes of great beauty. Ronsard, though not the first to write, was the first to popularize the sonnet in France, which gives these, his first ventures in this well-worn field, a peculiar interest. But we, at least, feel less disposed to thank him for the importations than for the graceful stanzas, often quite original in their metres, which he intermingled with them. It is in these that we first see the exquisite humor and delicate touch which raise him so far above any poet that had preceded him. There was probably not one among them all who could have written lines like these addressed to his coy lady-love:

Donques tandis que tu vis  
Change, maitresse, d' avis,  
Et ne m' espargne ta bouche.  
Incontinent tu mourras:  
Lors tu te repentiras  
De m' avoir esté farouche.

These lines may be taken as quite as characteristic of the young Ronsard as the Pindaric Odes. Surely it will not be said that they smack obtrusively of the classical pedant. As time goes on he feels more sure of himself, however, and in the *Amours de Marie*, a plain country girl as it seems, who succeeded Cassandre in the poet's young heart and died before she had ceased to fill it, he shows a more free and conscious power. What can breathe more of the fresh spirit of happy love than this close to one of the earlier sonnets in this group:

Harsoir (Hier soir) en vous couchant vous jurastes vos yeux,  
D' estre plustost que moy ce matin esveillée;  
Mais le dormir de l' aube, aux filles gracieux,  
Vous tient d' un doux sommeil encore les yeux sillée.  
Ça! Ça! Que je les baise et vostre beau tetin  
Cent fois pour vous apprendre à vous lever plus matin.

One hardly knows where to stop in one's citations of these charming songs. But there is one, which Sainte-Beuve especially admired, that we find quite irresistible. He begins

by lamenting the cruelty of his mistress who keeps his heart prisoner. He threatens to rebel, but at that very instant finds himself frightened at his own daring. The abrupt change of tone is delightful in its sly humor and the close is most pathetically tender:

Une autre moins belle que toy,  
 Mais bien de meilleure nature,  
 Le (i. e. *my heart*) voudroit bien avoir de moy,  
 Elle l' aura, je te le jure :  
 Elle l' aura—puisque autrement  
 Il n' a de toy bon traitement.

Mais non, j' aime trop mieux qu'il meure  
 Sans esperance en ta prison :  
 J' aime trop mieux qu'il y demeure  
 Mort de douleur contre raison,  
 Qu' en te changeant jouir de celle  
 Qui m' est plus douce mais non si belle.

This last is indeed, as Sainte-Beuve has said, "an exquisite verse." Certainly it is not his critics who have written better.

Nestling among these sonnets and songs we find an eclogue, which is not without charm, but which shows us also the weak side of Ronsard's genius, a disposition to intrude classical lore. It describes a journey of Baif and Ronsard to Tours, and their meeting with their lady-loves there, under the form of a pastoral, a form that seems to invite and foreshadow failure. If we have to thank him on the one side for realistic touches of country life, on the other we shiver at the dreary cold of his classic ghosts, Glaucus, Atalanta, Hesperia, and the rest. In all this, of course, Ronsard is no worse than his contemporaries, but "the best in this kind are but shadows," and we expect Ronsard to be better.

A third group of love poems is addressed to Astrée, a name that seems to disguise a lady of the family of Estrée. Here too are charming verses, but less feeling and so more tendency to artificiality. This becomes even more marked in the very platonic affection of the *Poésies pour Hélène*, almost all of which are studied from classical or Italian models, as his editors have shown, and which have as much of the fresh

life of the sixteenth century in them as that fact would lead us to anticipate. But there are fine lines here too. It would be hard to find a tercet more bitter and strong than this:

Dieux, vous estes jaloux et pleins de cruauté!  
Des dames sans retour s'envole la beauté;  
Aux serpents tous les ans vous ostez la veillesse.

Among these verses there is an elegy that contains a valuable hint of Ronsard's intellectual equipment. He says that after six years of love he has emancipated his heart from its bonds and now lives at ease:

Ayant tous jours ès mains pour me servir de guide  
Aristote ou Platon qu le docte Euripide,  
Mes bons hostes muets qui ne faschent jamais.

These lines recall Southey's to his books. In connection with this expression of his love of studies in middle life we may cite here a sonnet of his earlier period which appears among the *Poésies Diverses*:

Je veux lire en trois jours l' Iliade d' Homere  
Pour ce, Eurydon, ferme bien l' huis sur moy  
Je veuz trois jours entiers demeurer á requoy,  
Pour follostrer après, une sepmaine entiere.

Probably Ronsard was the only French poet who ever wanted to lock himself up three days with Homer or lived on such friendly terms with Euripides, Aristotle and Plato. No poet of his day at least was so close to Helicon.

A little group of verses addressed to Villeroy, written toward the close of Ronsard's life, concludes this portion of his work. We note it here because of a song which anticipates the metre of Malherbe's *Complainte à Desperriers*, whose regular verses and moral platitudes have commended it to generations of French schoolmasters. For our own part, though diligently drilled in Malherbe's stanzas, we never realized the beauty of their metre till we rediscovered it in Ronsard. The voice of the philistine majority is against

us, however, for the philistine does not wish to have gone to school in vain.

The odes usually follow the lighter compositions in the editions of Ronsard. He probably regarded these as his best title to fame, but a poet is hardly ever a sound critic of his works; still there is undeniably very good poetry among them. To our taste they are good in proportion as they are independent of classical models. The famous ode addressed to Michel de l' Hospital with its interminable strophes, antistrophes and epodes, shall not lack our condemnation for all its charming lines and images which indeed no such man as he could avoid. We prefer this sort of thing in Greek. We are willing to take it for granted that Ronsard can imitate the metres of Alcæus, Anacreon, Simonides, Stesichorus, "*mon grand Pindare*," and of Horace whose Ode iv. 9 he is copying in his allusions to them; what we want is to see him catch their spirit. And we shall not look in vain in a collection that embraces that *pièce de resistance* of every French lyric anthology: *Mignonne, allons voir si la rose*, and the no less charming, though less hackneyed: *Ma petite colombelle*, that need not fear the comparison with Catullus it naturally suggests. Then, too, we shall find here the "Wet Cupid," that he borrowed from Anacreon, as did La Fontaine, whom we find in this case inferior, and Sainte-Beuve "not always superior, to the old poet." But when this same critic bids us admire the regular stanzas of an imitation of the first ode of Horace addressed to Pisseleu, we agree indeed with him that here Ronsard anticipates the chief boast of Malherbe, but while we see we do not admire, esteeming regularity a fault when it is bought at the price of monotony. More to our taste is the delicious imitation of Bion's "Cupid's School." Venus has taken Cupid to Ronsard to be taught the lyre, but the little god mocks him, and then:

Il me dit tout ses attraits,  
Tout ses jeux, et de quels traits  
Il blesse les fantaisies



Et des hommes et des dieux  
Tous ses tourments gracieux,  
Et toutes ses jalousies.

Et me les disant alors  
J' oubliai tous les accors  
De ma lyre dedaignée  
Pour retenir en leur lieu  
L' autre chanson que ce dieu  
M' avoit par coeur enseignée.

We would gladly linger longer over these odes, the more as the next work of Ronsard's that confronts us with its forbidding bulk is certainly and easily his worst. It is *La Franciade*, an attempt to do for France in the sixteenth century what Virgil had done for Italy before the first. Begun under Henry II., and continued under the patronage of Charles IX. who apparently thought it was the proper thing, it had evidently already become distasteful to Ronsard when the death of that prince took from him the only motive for its completion. We thank Ronsard, as Cicero did the bad poet of schoolboy immortality, for the twenty cantos he omitted more than for the four he published, and those who love his memory can but regret that part of his preface to these cantos in which he gives a recipe, quite in the cook-book style, for the composition of an heroic poem; so hopelessly artificial was the form, so perfunctory the poet's conception of the task. But after all, it is not much worse, indeed we are not sure that it is not better, than the *Henriade* of Voltaire.

The *Franciade* was written under royal smiles, the *Bocage Royal* was written to win them. The style is somewhat similar, the flattery is exhibited in heroic doses that would be nauseating to persons of weaker stomachs than Catherine de Medici and Good Queen Bess. On the whole, if what we write should lead any to read Ronsard, we hope he will not read the *Bocage Royal* till he has grown fond enough of his author to pardon him. We are somewhat tempted to make a similar reserve for the eclogues, which like the odes suffer from being studied too closely from classical models. These



dialogues in which, time and again, two shepherds dispute the prize of song which the third finally decides is equally due to both, and we to neither, become very wearisome. We can find beauties if we look for them, to be sure, good descriptions of nature, some admirably poetic epithets, and now and then a spirited woodland combat of some nymph with an amorous satyr at which dimpled Cupids smile their light-hearted approval, but the general effect is somewhat tedious.

Ronsard's happiest efforts in Alexandrine lines are his elegies, but here, too, his verses flow more trippingly in decasyllables. Let the curious reader compare the lines to Genèvre beginning, "Le temps se passe, et se passant, madame," with those others beginning, "Hier quand bouche à bouche, assis auprès de vous," and both with La Fontaine's similar measures. What easy grace there is in these lines and what a sting at the close! He has been telling of the various and volatile passions of Venus:

Puis se faschant d' Adonis, fut eprise  
D' un pastoureau, d' un Phrygian Anchise  
Qui habitoit le sommet Idean :  
Puis en laissant ce pasteur Phrygian  
Aima Paris de la mesme contrée,  
Tant elle fut de son plaisir outrée,  
Elle fit bien d' avoir de tous pitié  
Rien n' est si sot qu' une vieille amitié.

This recalls Campbell's charming stanzas: "Love he comes and Love he tarries, Just as fate or fancy carries," *et reliqua*.

Of the *Hymnes* and *Poèmes* of Ronsard little need be said. The mythology is strained and the poet is striving after an excellence that is not his. One of the latter collection, however, derives an adventitious interest from its dedication to Mary Queen of Scots, once a patron of the poet, but now in prison; yet Ronsard is far from rising to the tragedy of the occasion. On the other hand in the *Gaietés*, the last classified group of his poems, he is at home again and is thoroughly delightful. Indeed he is always at his best when he lets his heart swell freely with the joy of life and overflow in natural

melody. Let us take for instance his poem on the Skylark. It is as characteristic of the spirit of France and of his time as Shelley's is of England and of his. Ronsard has never been sicklied o'er with the cast of thought, he is not looking for "green isles in the deep, wide sea of misery." His skylark is a charming bird to be enjoyed, not to be yearned for as the symbol of what she is not. Shelley's skylark "singing still doth soar;" Ronsard has observed that his doesn't, but he manages to make a very charming picture of her return to earth:

Quand ton chant t' a bien amusée,  
De l' air tu tombes en fusée  
Qu' une jeune pucelle au soir  
De sa quenouille laisse choir  
Quand au foyer elle sommeille,  
Frappant son sein de son oreille;  
Ou bien quand en filant le jour  
Voit celui qui luy fait l' amour  
Venir près d' elle à l' impourveue,  
De honte elle abaisse la veue,  
Et son tors fuseau delié  
Loin de sa main roule à son pié.  
Ainsi tu roules, allouette,  
Ma doucellette mignonnette,  
Qui plus qu' un rossignol me plais  
Qui chante en un bocage espais.

We cannot close better than with these exquisite lines this brief appreciation of the work and works of Ronsard. Nor will we linger over the pleasant picture of his declining years, crowned with "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," and with a peaceful and holy death, on the 27th of December, 1585, at his Priory of St. Cosme, near Tours. Our aim is rather to awaken interest than to satisfy it, for while Ronsard does not lack panegyrists and "fit company though few" of readers at home, we hardly think English critics have given him his full meed of praise. It seems to us that our time with its strongly marked realistic tendency in literature is peculiarly fitted to enjoy the healthy natural-

ism of Ronsard, and perhaps the very fact that our ears are not drilled in modern French prosody might remove one bar to our enjoyment of his still unfettered verses. If, as Xerxes found, it is impossible to invent a new pleasure, it is delightful to rediscover neglected ones, and that we hope may be the fortune of some of our readers. In any case we wish to claim for Ronsard that he did more than any one man to form the literary language of France, and that he gave its literature more of permanent value than any poet before the age of Louis XIV.

B. W. WELLS.

## EVOLUTION OF AMENDMENT IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

**W**HATEVER may be our estimate of the philosophy of Hegel as a scheme of thought, we may, most of us, agree that his theory of the progress of History is replete with elemental truth. It is briefly this: that institutions are the self-revelation of human nature, and that the tendency of their development is towards the attainment of the rational freedom of the individual man; which rational freedom is not a mere caprice, but is that harmony between the volition of the citizen and the needful requirements of organized society in virtue whereof laws are obeyed with cheerfulness because they proceed from, represent, and satisfy the enlightened desires of those who obey them.

As a result of this purpose and process, government in its best form continually expresses the developed will of the governed. It is no longer something alien and hostile, to be feared and hated by those who are compelled to submit to it, or to be warred upon by those who think themselves able to resist it, but it becomes truly representative in its character. The institutions of a semi-civilized people are full of restrictions which we can hardly understand, and of which we are sometimes too impatient, unless we take the point of view of their immediate origin. They are like the chrysalis which confines and holds captive for a time the life within, and which is yet found to be a useful and normal condition of progress. The institutions of a people who have grown into a state of rational freedom are like well fitting garments, which conform to the figure and are fashioned for convenient use, for easy activity, for decent protection. The progress of rational freedom tends to a liberation from outward control in any arbitrary or merely restrictive method; not because institutions no longer exist, but because they are

felt to be just and desirable, because they proceed from and represent, so far as may be practicable at the moment, the best and most sedate desires of those who are called upon either to enforce or to obey the law. It follows from this that as men grow, advance, and unfold, their institutions must be modified. A government is, in this relation a vital organism. It must manifest an orderly evolution or suffer the penalties of an arrested development. And the test of its healthy growth will be found in the answer to the question how far and how well does it permit and promote the rational freedom of the individual man.

It may not be entirely useless in this era of centennials, to consider the Constitution of the United States and its Amendments in the light of the foregoing theory, and to inquire how far this organic law fulfils what is here assumed to be the true purpose of government.

It may be noted in the first place that the Constitution of the United States, as originally adopted and ratified, contained many provisions in the nature of a bill of individual rights. In the preamble itself it was declared among other things that a principal purpose of the people of the United States in the framing of the instrument was "to secure the blessings of liberty" to themselves and their posterity. It was thus implied that such liberty already existed. It was not to be conferred, but was to be secured. It was not to be impaired by any of the powers which were delegated to any of the departments of the government, but the intendment was that the newly constituted authorities should foster rational freedom so far as possible.

But beyond this abstract statement, which might have been interpreted as a glittering generality, there were specific provisions which looked to the protection of individual freedom from official invasion. It was declared that a judgment in a case of impeachment should not extend further than to removal from office and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust or profit under the United States, to the end that there might be no such tragedies in this



country as had been witnessed in England in cases of this kind. It was declared that the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require such suspension. It was declared that the trial of all crimes against the new government, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury, and held in the State where the crime shall have been committed. The terrors of constructive treason and the horrors of the bill of attainder, whether by national or State legislation, were abolished. The passage of *ex post facto* laws, whereby an act previously done should be decreed to have been a crime, was forbidden alike to the Congress and the States. The States were forbidden to pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts, a provision of wide significance in securing the right of individual agreement, as well as the sanctity of legislative grant. Both the United States and the several States were forbidden to confer any title of nobility, to the end that so far as such a prohibition could be effective there should be no such thing as caste in our country. And finally, it was declared that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States. The origin of such ideas is apparent to any one who considers the difficulties and contests of English history. The importance of such provisions is manifest.

They did not, however, satisfy all the acute and cautious politicians who discussed so strenuously the question of the adoption of the Constitution by the conventions of the States; and it is well known that the Constitution was ratified by a sufficient number of those conventions with an understanding that certain amendments would be adopted as soon as the prescribed forms of law could be complied with. In September, 1789, the first Congress, by joint resolution, proposed twelve amendments, the preamble reciting the general desire which had been expressed for such action. The first two, which concerned the number of representatives and the compensation of members of the Congress were not ratified and

need not be specifically referred to. The remaining ten were ratified by the necessary number of legislatures by December 15, 1791, New Jersey being the first State to act and Virginia the last. It is said that there is no evidence on the Journals of Congress that the legislatures of Connecticut, Georgia, and Massachusetts ever ratified these amendments at all.<sup>1</sup>

It should be borne in mind that these ten amendments of 1791 are limitations on the powers of the government of the United States, and are not applicable to the legislation of the States or the doings of State authorities.<sup>2</sup> This fact is sometimes forgotten by enthusiastic editors, and even by those who profess and call themselves lawyers. The main purpose of these amendments is to protect the rights of individuals against encroachment by the federal power, to the end that rational freedom may be promoted in the federal relation.

The first in number, as adopted, declares that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. The second declares that a well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. The third enacts that no soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law. The fourth enacts that the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized. The fifth article declares that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment

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<sup>1</sup> Poore's *Constitutions*, Vol. I., p. 21. <sup>2</sup> *Barron vs. Baltimore*, 7 Peters, 243.

or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself,<sup>1</sup> nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation. The sixth article enacts that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law; and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence. The seventh article concerns civil proceedings in federal courts, and declares that in suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law. The eighth article adds the further prohibition that, in federal courts, of course, excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines be imposed, nor cruel or unusual punishments inflicted. And finally, the ninth and tenth articles lay down rules familiar to the jurist, that the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people; and that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

It is easy to trace the origin of these noble provisions, clothed as they are in such simple yet majestic language. They recall the Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, the

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<sup>1</sup> Counselman *vs.* Hitchcock, 142 U. S. Rep., 547.

Bill of Rights of 1688. They embody in the most condensed form the rules which had been slowly evolved by the English people and their descendants, through centuries of travail, of struggle, and of war. They exhibited the high resolve that whatever the new government of 1789 might do, there were these things it should not do; and that the federal power, however necessary and useful it might be, should not stand in the way of that rational freedom which was felt to be the final object of all institutions.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to discuss the eleventh and twelfth articles of amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which relate, respectively, to suits against the several States, and to the revised method of electing the President and the Vice-President; and which were ratified, the former in 1798 and the latter in 1804. Pursuing the idea of evolution and the question of the relation of government to rational freedom, we come to the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, adopted after the late Civil War. It is at once seen that in their general purpose they differ from those discussed above. The first ten, as has been pointed out, had been found to be for the protection of the rational freedom of the individual against attack by the federal power. They had been deemed sufficient for this purpose and from the year 1804 the Constitution had remained without verbal change, however much it might have been modified in meaning by the judicial labors of such men as MARSHALL.<sup>1</sup> But there can be no entire rest in the condition

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<sup>1</sup> Marshall was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for thirty-four years, and under his masterful influence as a moderate federalist the court interpreted the meaning and scope of many important provisions of the Constitution. It is well known that Mr. Jefferson and his followers were greatly alarmed by this work of exposition, considering it as a subtle undermining of the very foundation of our confederated fabric, and feeling, doubtless, that the instrument itself was being amended by the judges instead of by the methods pointed out in the organic law. It would, however, not be strictly logical to include any detailed discussion of this work of interpretation, interesting as it may be, in an essay on amendments properly so called. Exposition is not amendment. It is an effort, presumably candid,



of institutions that have any germs of life. The pendulum was swinging to the other extreme. The controversies concerning nullification and State sovereignty, the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott concerning the question of citizenship in the United States, the struggle over the institution of slavery and its practical destruction by the war, and the anomalous condition of the country at the termination of actual hostilities, all led up to and resulted in the predominant feeling that it was timely to impose certain restrictions on the States in favor of individual freedom. The thirteenth amendment, which had been proposed on the 1st of February, 1865, was declared to have been adopted by a proclamation on December 18, 1865. It provides that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction, and that Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The language of this article is taken from the celebrated ordinance of July 13, 1787, for the government of the Northwest Territory. Its meaning is no longer doubtful, but in a leading case, as late as 1872, it was the subject of a strenuous debate in the Supreme Court of the United States.<sup>1</sup>

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to tell us what the language of an instrument means, while an amendment *ex vi termini*, changes or adds to that language. The construction, however, placed on the various provisions of the fundamental law by Marshall and his school of jurists has been far-reaching and powerful in its effects, and forms an essential part of the present prevalent theory of our government. Among the great questions thus dealt with may be mentioned the appellate power of the Supreme Court of the United States over State courts, where federal rights are denied; the power of removing causes from a State to a federal court in cases involving difference of citizenship; the power of the United States to establish banks; the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States and with foreign nations; and the power of federal courts to declare the nullity of State legislation where it impairs the obligation of contracts, or indeed violates any federal right or prohibition.

<sup>1</sup>Slaughter House Cases, 16 Wallace, 36, 69.



Mr. John A. Campbell, of New Orleans, who had been a Justice of that court, but had returned to the bar, took the point that the prohibition to the States to establish or maintain "involuntary servitude" would strike with nullity the Louisiana statute of 1869, which required all butchering for three parishes of that State, including the city of New Orleans, to be done only at one abattoir, and that the property of the Slaughter House Company, a party to the suits. Judge Campbell was a man of remarkable qualities, both as a lawyer and an advocate, and by a wealth of illustration drawn from French, Scotch and English history, as to *banalités*, multures, thirlage, thraldoms, astrictions, and monopolies, he sought to maintain his novel point. The court, however, did not adopt the views he urged on this branch of the case, and briefly disposed of them by holding that the word "servitude," as here used, and especially when qualified by the epithet "involuntary," referred not to servitudes which may have been at some times and in some countries attached to property, but to personal servitude, or bondage; and that the obvious purpose was to prohibit all shades and descriptions of slavery, whether of the ordinary type or under the guise of long apprenticeships or serfdom.

The fourteenth amendment was proposed in June, 1866, and in July, 1868, was declared to have been adopted by a sufficient number of States—thirty out of thirty-six—to embody it as the fourteenth article of the Amendments. Omitting reference to such portions of this important addition to our organic law as concern representation in Congress, the eligibility to federal office and the validity of public debts, we find that the remaining provisions are essentially the following:—

(1) All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside—

(2) No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States—

(3) Nor shall any State deprive *any person* of life, liberty, or property without due process of law—

(4) Nor deny to *any person* within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

These are provisions of far-reaching significance. The first is affirmative, the rest are negative. Their purpose is to protect individual right against the invasion by the power of the States. The interpretation of this amendment has been the subject of much discussion and of elaborate decision by the courts, and particularly by the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the *Slaughter House Cases*, already cited,<sup>1</sup> the counsel for the butchers of New Orleans further contended that the statute of Louisiana, of 1869, which practically compelled their clients to do all their butchering at the abattoir of the Slaughter House Company, was null and void, as in contravention, also, of the fourteenth amendment, in that it abridged the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, deprived them of liberty and property without due process of law, and denied them the equal protection of the laws. The discussion was protracted and interesting, and the brief which is in part printed in the report is notable as one of the first attempts to explain and apply this article of amendment. A bare majority of the court led by Mr. Justice MILLER decided against these contentions, as to the particular cases at bar, while four members of the court dissented with great vigor. The essential point settled by the majority of the court was that the Louisiana statute of 1869 so strenuously antagonized was an exercise of the POLICE POWER of that State in the protection of the public health, especially of New Orleans, and that there was nothing in the fourteenth amendment or the rights therein specified which could nullify such legislation. The decision in that case has been succeeded by many others, which constitute a body of doctrine in regard to this important article. The Supreme

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<sup>1</sup>16 Wallace, 36.

Court has been vigilant and, as a rule, conservative in its enforcement. In some cases, as in the one quoted above, rights claimed under the article have been denied; in others they have been recognized and enforced. A bare summary of the results of two decades of discussion may be briefly made as follows:—

A leading purpose of the fourteenth article of amendment was to define and recognize a citizenship of the United States. The doctrine of Mr. Calhoun and his followers that there was no such thing as citizenship of the United States, independent of that of the State, was reversed. The subject was removed from the region of discussion and doubt. The amendment "recognizes, if it does not create citizens of the United States, and it makes their citizenship dependent upon the place of their birth, or the fact of their adoption, and not upon the Constitution or laws of any State or the condition of their ancestry."<sup>1</sup> The amendment declares that there is a citizenship of the United States without regard to the fact of citizenship of a particular State, and "it overturns the Dred Scott decision by making all persons born within the United States and subject to its jurisdiction citizens of the United States."<sup>2</sup> Declaring as it does that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, and conferring as it does on the Congress the right to enforce its provisions by appropriate legislation, it is intended to protect the federal rights of the individual American freedman against State invasion. What all these federal rights and immunities are, it is difficult to say; but it is probably safe to affirm that whatever rights and immunities of a federal character are or may hereafter be lawfully conferred on the citizen of the United States as such, are thus shielded from attack by any State authority. Declaring as the amendment does that no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its

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<sup>1</sup>FIELD, J., 16 Wallace, 95.   <sup>2</sup> 16 Wallace, 73.

jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws, it establishes a defense to freedom, to industry, to rightful endeavor, of the most ample character. According to the French idea that it is the unexpected which always happens, and in pursuance of the rule that the writers of such articles often build wiser than they knew, it has been found that the scope of the amendment is broader than it seemed at first. It is not only for the protection of negroes, but of all other men who may be concerned. It guards the rights, not only of natural persons, but of those juridical beings that are called corporations.<sup>1</sup> It is for all sorts and conditions of men and societies of men. Even the poor Chinamen toiling in the laundries of San Francisco have found that it may be successfully invoked.<sup>2</sup>

The fifteenth article of amendment was proposed in February, 1869, and in March, 1870, was declared to have been ratified by twenty-nine of the then thirty-seven States. It enacts that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; and that the Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation. It has been held that these provisions do not confer the right of suffrage, but invest citizens of the United States with the right of exemption from discrimination in the exercise of the elective franchise, for the reasons catalogued in the amendment; and empower Congress to enforce that right of exemption by "appropriate legislation."<sup>3</sup> When by an act of May 31, 1870, Congress went beyond the scope of the amendment in the matter of State elections, its action was held by the Supreme Court to be unauthorized and inappropriate.<sup>4</sup> It would seem that the amendment offers no obstacle to the imposition of educational qualifications, or indeed, any other which it does not prohibit, and the sooner such restrictions

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<sup>1</sup> *Santa Clara Co. vs. So. Pac. R. R. Co.*, 118 U. S., 394. <sup>2</sup> *Yick Wo vs. Hopkins*, *Id.*, 356. <sup>3</sup> *U. S. vs. Reese*, 92 U. S., 214. <sup>4</sup> *Id.*



of a reasonable and honest character are imposed, the better for every State.<sup>1</sup>

We find, then, that the evolution of amendment in the Constitution of the United States has been steadily making for rational freedom. By the earlier amendments the individual was guaranteed protection against the apprehended power of the federal government; by the later articles, he is sought to be protected chiefly against the abuse of power by the governments of the respective States. His guardian angels walk on either hand. We may well say of our country, in the impassioned language of Lowell:—

No poorest in thy borders but may now  
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.

Neither nation nor State can hereafter lawfully impair or abridge in all this great land these consecrated rights. The idea enfolded in the saying that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, is here developed in political institutions. They are not to exist for their own sake, arbitrary, autocratic, imperial, archaic, crushing the individual with a weight of power. They are not to be paternal or socialistic. They are made for man, and not man for them. They are means to an end, and the end is the evolution of the human soul.

And, as shown by the decisions of our highest federal tribunal, the articles of amendment are not merely abstract statements. They are not barren platitudes without a sanction. Under a system of law and jurisprudence unique in the history of the world, the rights secured by these articles may be enforced in appropriate courts. The United States constitute a great and powerful nation, but its Congress and its executive authorities together cannot deprive any man of one of these rights without creating an opportunity of legal re-

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<sup>1</sup> But see Professor A. C. McLaughlin's discussion of the Mississippi restrictions in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1892.



dress.<sup>1</sup> A State may be very large, very strong, and very close to its people, but it cannot infringe one of these rights without affording the same opportunity.<sup>2</sup> By removal of causes, by appeal and writ of error, and by writ of *habeas corpus*, in some form or other, whether the injured person be natural or artificial, rich or poor, young or old, and as a rule, whether the injury be in a pecuniary sense small or great, the judicial remedy can be applied, and the constitutional protection defined and vindicated.

It goes without saying that we must not be too optimistic in our anticipations of the future. It must needs be that offenses come. The greed of capital, the blind and sometimes brutal struggles of labor, the lust of office, the recklessness of faction, the bitterness of sectional strife will continually remind us that what is called happiness is not for nations any more than for individuals. The world has not been constructed as a flowery bed of ease. But, so far as we can see, the conditions for the development of true manhood are at this time better in the United States than in any other country of the world. The whole tendency of our constitutional law is to hedge about that divinity which resides in the soul of man, to guard it in such development as it may be inspired to select. And such a tendency, such an unceasing purpose, such a panoply, are of all institutional things most precious. For, after all is said and done, what price, that is not a vile one, can a man set upon his soul?

WM. WIRT HOWE.

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<sup>1</sup> U. S. *vs.* Harris, 106 U. S., 629. <sup>2</sup> *Yick Wo vs. Hopkins*, 118 U. S., 356. *Railway Co. vs. Minnesota*, 134 U. S., 418.

## THE DEATH-STRUGGLES OF COLONIAL PIRACY.

**A**LTHOUGH at every period of her national history England has been characterized by a steady and uniform spirit of law and order, it is probable that "the odious and horrid crime" of piracy was for many centuries looked upon with more abhorrence than almost any other mentioned in the statutes. Exposed as she had always been, in consequence of her insular position, to the raids of wandering freebooters, she knew from the earliest times what it was to suffer from the invasion of pirates, and from a period "when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," she had made this crime the subject of special and severe laws. The pirate was proclaimed a "hostis humani generis," and under the law, both common and statutory, he had no rights which anybody was bound to respect. "As, therefore, he has renounced all the benefits of society and government," ran the old commentary, "and has reduced himself afresh to the savage state of nature by declaring war against all mankind, all mankind must declare war against him, so that every community hath a right by the rule of self-defense to inflict that punishment upon him which every individual would in a state of nature have been otherwise entitled to do for any invasion of his person or personal property." Further than this, no person charged with piracy could claim the benefit of clergy or the right of sanctuary, and if the crime was attempted on the high seas, and the pirates were overcome, the captors were at liberty to hang them from the yardarm "without any solemnity of condemnation." In all declarations of general pardon, it was understood, even though no clause to that effect was inserted, that pirates were excepted. According to the very early law, piracy in a subject was petty treason, but by an act of 25 Edward III., it was declared a felony, and has since been regarded as such.

Although the early statutes on the subject were not a few,

the law was not fully set forth until the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., when an extensive act of Parliament defined clearly the crime of piracy with its numerous modifications, and appointed the method of trial, execution of sentence, etc. Until this time all pirates had been tried in England before the Lord Admiral, but the preamble of this act set forth the difficulty of bringing prisoners from remote parts, and provincial vice-admiralty courts were established by which all cases under the jurisdiction of the Admiral could be disposed of. It has been under this act, or modifications of it, that all subsequent trials for piracy have been held.

Some of the refinements of the pirate law that arose later were very remarkable, and are worthy of notice. For instance, if an English seaman were taken from an alien vessel, while England was engaged in war against the flag under which he was sailing, he was deemed a pirate, and dealt with accordingly, though the rest of the crew were only prisoners of war. Again, if an alien were taken in the act of serving on an English pirate against English shipping, and his country chanced to be at war with England at the time, he was deemed to be engaged in legitimate hostilities, and could be dealt with only by the military authorities.

By the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the pirates had been driven from the coasts of the American colonies, the law had become thoroughly crystallized, and only the proper court machinery was necessary to its enforcement. After a long struggle against the lawless element, the courts of the Carolinas—of which colonies we propose to speak more particularly—had at length been freed from corrupting influences, and were prepared to inflict the severest punishment on all offenders. After all the turmoil of the early days of Carolina, of which the records give us but dim accounts, it is indeed with a grateful sense of relief that we emerge from the misty years of the seventeenth century into the brighter light of the earlier decades of the eighteenth. During this latter period, not only do we find records suffi-

ciently complete and authentic upon which to base a continuous historical narrative, but we learn, too, that during these years the colony was making history for itself that was well worth recording. During the first thirty years of its existence it cannot be said that Carolina did much which she could with any pardonable pride wish to hand down to posterity. But things had now changed; the colony had donned a robe of dignity, and some of her far-seeing statesmen began to realize that her career could, and should, be made an honorable one. True, there was factional strife and internal contention, but this clash of Churchmen and Dissenters, and wrangling of people and Proprietors over their alleged respective rights, had little effect on the general prosperity of the Province, and for more than ten years after the wholesome administrations of Blake and Moore, it grew and flourished. The laws against piracy were so severe that the freebooters were scarcely heard of along the coast, although they continued to be a scourge to New England and the northern colonies for several years later.

In 1712 the South Carolina Assembly passed an omnibus bill ordering the enforcement of over one hundred and sixty English laws which it was thought well to promulgate in the colony, the general pirate act being among them. It is not known that there was any particular need for this law at the time. It was probably passed simply as a measure of precaution along with many other statutes of the realm which were thought to be applicable to conditions which might arise at any time. But subsequent events proved the wisdom of its enactment. Even before the Assembly was convened, clouds of disaster were showing themselves on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand perhaps, but portending a storm which was destined to expend itself in blood and revolution, and the province was soon to be in urgent need of every law that would in the slightest degree tend to the maintenance of peace and order.

Late in the summer of 1711 the North Carolinians became involved in trouble with the Tuscarora Indians which, in



September culminated in a fearful massacre of the whites. South Carolina was appealed to for assistance, and the troops sent from Charles-Town, under Colonel John Barnwell, succeeded in bringing the savages to terms after punishing them severely. In a few months, however, another outbreak occurred, and before long it became evident that the fires of insurrection had been kindled along the entire border from Virginia to Florida. At first the resources of the Province were considerable, but continued heavy appropriations to meet the expenses of the war depleted the treasury, and by 1715 the colonists found ruin staring them in the face. In the midst of all these hardships, when they were almost ready to abandon their homes and estates, a still greater misfortune assailed them. Whatever their troubles on land had been, for years past the commerce of the colony had been wholly unobstructed by sea. Their produce, however small the quantity, had for a long time been delivered safely in the markets of England without any interference from their old enemies, the pirates, and since all internal trade had been destroyed by the Indian wars, they now had nothing on which to depend save the commerce with the mother country. One can, therefore, easily imagine the consternation with which they received repeated rumors that the buccaneers were beginning to show themselves on the coast again in no inconsiderable force. Frightened by the stringent provincial laws, the pirates had years before retired to their strongholds in the West Indies, but now that the Carolinians were compelled to keep all their forces on the frontier, and were unable to punish the trespassers by sea, they returned and in a few months were a far greater menace than they had ever been at any previous time in the history of the colony. They settled at New Providence, in the Bahamas, and at Cape Fear, in North Carolina, from whence they issued on their lawless excursions, diffusing the terror of their names along the whole coast of North America. From timid and occasional ventures, they soon embarked upon enterprises of the utmost audacity. They organized powerful fleets, commanded in not a few



cases by old English naval officers, and for five years maintained themselves as the invincible masters of the Gulf of Florida and all adjacent waters. They swept the coast from Newfoundland to South America, preying without distinction on the commerce of every nation whose flag was found upon the seas of the new world. It was indeed the golden age of piracy in the western world. The boasted "jurisdiction of the Lord Admiral" was in these waters but the shadow of a great name, and the English flag commanded no more respect at their lawless hands than did the Spanish colors at the hands of King Charles's privateers of the previous century. Appeal after appeal was sent to the home government, but all to no avail. The people of South Carolina petitioned the king to withdraw their charter, and take them under his royal protection, and Spotswood implored assistance for Virginia and Maryland, but the lordly dignitaries at court scarcely troubled themselves to reply to these urgent demands. In the meantime the pirates were growing bolder and more powerful; they harried the Carolina coast, blockaded the capes of Virginia, and sacked their prizes almost within sight of the docks of Philadelphia and New York.

In seeming retribution for her sins of the previous century, South Carolina was the greatest sufferer during these trying years. Her repeated appeals for relief being ignored by the authorities, the London agent of the colony waited in person on the Proprietors, and laid before them the urgent needs of the Province, but their reply indicated that their interest in their American possessions had so far waned that they were determined to make no further outlay to keep up an investment which had never been other than a disastrous one. But the energetic agent was not at the end of his resources. The affair was too serious to be made subject solely to the selfish action of the Proprietors. Englishmen, loyal subjects of the Crown, had been induced to settle Carolina by fair representations of the advantages of the country, and they could not now be left to perish without an effort being made to help them. All these arguments the agent doubtless laid

before the Proprietors, but without effect, and he now boldly petitioned the House of Commons to interfere in behalf of their perishing fellow-countrymen in America. The Commons took the matter up without delay, and, addressing the king, begged that immediate relief be granted the colony. The matter was referred to the Lords of the Trade, and after some correspondence the Proprietors pleaded their utter inability to assist their American subjects, adding that "unless his Majesty will graciously please to interpose, we can foresee nothing but the utter destruction of his Majesty's faithful subjects in those parts." After this confession, it seems that the Crown would certainly have assumed immediate jurisdiction over the colony, and have rendered the much-needed assistance, but no such event is to be recorded. We must not forget that England of that day viewed her colonies simply as estates which were to be worked for the benefit of the mother-country, and that her statesmen considered the colonial trade only as a means toward increasing the public revenue. Since it held such views, it is not surprising that the English government was unwilling to assume the responsibility of a Province which would prove only an expense and a constant annoyance to the Board of Trade. It would be much more profitable to force the Proprietors to continue their responsibility, and to hold them amenable for any complications that might arise. So other matters were allowed to push Carolina's grievances aside. Much correspondence ensued, but it all ended in the colonists being left to take care of themselves as best they could.

In the meantime the situation grew more and more serious until the year 1718, which witnessed the culmination of the pirate rule over the western ocean, and marked the decline of that lawless power which had so long exercised a reign of terror along 2,000 miles of coast. In June of this year Edward Thatch, the North Carolina pirate who under the sobriquet of "Blackbeard," had spread terror throughout half the world, and whose infamy is still preserved in many a ghastly legend, suddenly appeared off Charles-Town with

a powerful fleet, and commenced a series of outrages which had never been surpassed in daring in the best days of the buccaneers.

During the previous year George I., in the vain hope of reclaiming the pirates from their evil ways by a policy of clemency, declared an act of grace offering pardon to all who would surrender within a year and take the oath of allegiance. In January, 1718, Thatch surrendered to Governor Eden of North Carolina and took the oath, but the temptations of the old free life were too great to withstand, and before the end of the winter he was again fitted out, and was once more harrying the coast and capturing vessels of all nationalities. During one of these expeditions he visited the Bay of Honduras where he met Stede Bonnet, late of Barbadoes, of whom we shall hear much in the course of this article, and the two returned to the Carolina coast together, taking numerous prizes by the way. Many of the sailors on board the captured vessels entered into the pirate compact, and by the time Thatch reached Charles-Town he was in command of a fleet consisting of a ship of more than forty guns, and three attendant sloops,<sup>1</sup> on board of which were above four hundred men. Feeling quite strong enough to defy the government, he dropped anchor in front of the harbor, commenced operations by capturing the pilot boat which was stationed on the bar, and within a very few days took no less than eight outward-bound merchantmen. Among the prizes was a ship bound for London, on which were a number of passengers, including Samuel Wragg, a member of the Council of the Province. When Thatch learned of his distinguished capture, he determined to make the best of his good fortune. At this time his fleet was in urgent need of medicines, and ordering his surgeon to prepare a list of the needed articles, the pirate chief proceeded to demand them of Governor Robert Johnson who was at this time at the head of the government.

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<sup>1</sup>The term sloop at this period meant a war vessel, and had no reference to the rig.

Manning a boat, he sent one of his prisoners up to the city with orders to lay the situation before the Governor, and to inform him that if the necessary supplies were not immediately provided, and the boat's crew permitted to return unmolested, he would send another embassy with the heads of Mr. Wragg and the other Charles-Town passengers. There was a brutal terseness and vigor about this modest request that would have done credit to Attila the Hun, and Johnson realized that the man with whom he had to deal was no milder type of barbarian than the great invader. There was but one course to pursue. The discreet Governor adopted it without hesitation, and in a few hours the pirate boat was on its way back to the fleet, loaded with medicines and supplies to the value of £300 or £400. Thatch then relieved Mr. Wragg of £1500 in gold, and set him and his fellow-prisoners ashore.

From Charles-Town Thatch went to North Carolina, where he remained for some time in comparative idleness, and it was at this time that he formed connections with the authorities of that colony which reflect as much dishonor on its early history as the corrupt administration of Quarry did upon South Carolina thirty years before. Procuring a commission from Governor Eden for the alleged purpose of trading with the island of St. Thomas, Thatch entered upon another piratical cruise, dividing the spoil with Tobias Knight, the Secretary of the Province. There is no direct proof that Eden was in league with Thatch, but his relations with him were certainly of such a nature that the pirate enjoyed a perfect immunity from punishment for his repeated outrages on the coast commerce. The peculiar circumstances of the taking of a small trading vessel in the autumn of 1718 led Thatch's enemies to look about for some means of ridding the country of his presence. Affidavits, setting forth the facts and circumstances of this and other outrages, were forwarded to Governor Spotswood of Virginia, and the Virginia Assembly immediately offered £100 for the arrest of Thatch, and £15 for the arrest of each of his officers. Not satisfied with simply offering a reward,



however, Spotswood determined to effect the immediate capture of Thatch and his crew. At this time two British war vessels were anchored in Hampton Roads, and hiring two small sloops at his own expense, he gave them into the command of Ellis Brand, the captain of one of the men-of-war, and instructed him to proceed to North Carolina and bring Thatch and his crew to Virginia, dead or alive. The sloops reached Ocracoke Inlet on November 22d, where a bloody battle ensued, which resulted in the utter defeat of the pirates, Thatch being killed in the thick of the fight. After this victory Brand sailed up to the town of Bath and forced Eden and Knight to disgorge their part of Thatch's plunder, after which he returned to Virginia, with the head of the great pirate dangling from the bowsprit of his vessel as a ghastly trophy of conquest.

Several of the pirates who had been taken alive were carried to Williamsburg and arraigned on a charge of piracy. These trials are of peculiar interest on account of efforts made by friends of the prisoners to establish their innocence. The North Carolina authorities resented Brand's invasion of the colony, and claimed that the men could not be taken to Virginia without a special warrant from the King. Spotswood had very little respect for North Carolina ideas of justice, however, and not only hanged the pirates, but condemned and sold the confiscated property. The evidence brought out at Williamsburg indicated clearly the guilty participation of Knight in Thatch's crimes, and the court ordered copies of the testimony to be sent to Governor Eden. As might have been anticipated, however, nothing came of the charge. Knight attempted to clear himself by implicating the Governor, and the Council disposed of the matter by peremptorily declaring the accused free from all suspicion.

It will now be necessary for us to retrace our steps, and see how South Carolina was faring during these months which witnessed "Blackbeard's" reign of terror on the North Carolina coast. If Governor Johnson thought to wreak a speedy vengeance on the pirates for their outrages of the previous



June, he was doomed to disappointment. The freebooters knew something of times and seasons in the Province, and although they were prepared to accomplish as much mischief as whim or interest might suggest, they gave, during the dull summer, little annoyance to the few vessels that sailed with their cargoes of indifferent value between Charles-Town and England.

In August, 1718, Stede Bonnet, of whom we have already heard in connection with Thatch, after a successful cruise along the northern coast, returned to North Carolina, and putting into Cape Fear River, proceeded to refit his vessel, the *Royal James*, for another expedition. The vicinity of Cape Fear was at this time little more than a wilderness, but Bonnet, who might have remained for months in those secluded waters without interruption, could not resist the temptation to plunder passing vessels, and in a few weeks the intelligence had reached Charles-Town that a pirate was rendezvousing at Cape Fear, making ready for another descent on the coast. Johnson was determined not to be caught napping on this occasion. The shame of the Thatch experience still clung to the colony, and the Governor hastened to seize this opportunity to vindicate his reputation as a man of action. Issuing a commission to Colonel William Rhett, the Receiver-General of the Province, he placed him in command of two stout sloops, with orders to proceed to Cape Fear and bring Bonnet and his crew back as prisoners, or, at least, to drive them from the coast. Within less than a week Rhett came upon the pirate, and a desperate struggle ensued which meant death to the vanquished. The fight was a long and bloody one; for nearly five hours they fought, almost yardarm to yardarm, but when it was ended the black flag had been lowered, and Rhett sailed back to Charles-Town in triumph with Stede Bonnet, and nearly forty of his wild crew made fast in irons in the hold of his gallant ship. A trial followed speedily, and the pirate chief, who, by the way, was a man of education and refined attainments, as such things went in those days, together with thirty-odd of his

crew, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was duly executed at White Point, and their bones now lie somewhere in the mud at the bottom of the harbor, unless they have long since crumbled beneath the action of the waves.

Such swift and determined action on the part of the government would, it seems, have so effectually frightened the pirates that at least for a time, the coast would have been free from their depredations. But such was not the case. The outlaws had enjoyed so many years of freedom that they were not to be terrified by a single reverse, and while Bonnet was yet languishing in prison, the colony was again agitated by the intelligence that another pirate fleet was on the coast, sacking and burning merchantmen almost within sight of the bar. But the news did not produce the consternation which it would have done a year previous. The colonists were much elated over the recent victory at Cape Fear, and their first and only thought was to supplement it by a second and more crushing blow at the power of the freebooters. Governor Johnson determined to lead this expedition in person, and arming four vessels, he sailed boldly across the bar to engage the enemy on the high seas. The pirate fleet was anchored in front of the harbor unsuspecting of danger, when the South Carolinians bore down on them. Their vessels were soon cleared for action, however, and a desperate combat ensued. Old Charles Johnson, the historian of the pirates, has left us a vivid account of this battle, detailing all the ghastly incidents of the day in a spirited manner, quite beyond the usual style of historical narrative of his time. Many a gallant Carolinian fell under the pirate cutlasses, and for a time the fate of the day trembled in the balance, but when the smoke cleared away, it was found that the valor of the colonists had once more prevailed.

A surprise was in store for Johnson, however, when the prizes were examined. In the hold of the largest vessel were found no less than 106 men and women, many of them in irons, and their story was indeed a remarkable one. About

a month before, they had been shipped as transported criminals from England for the Virginia and Maryland plantations, but on the voyage had been taken by the pirates who proposed to colonize them on one of the uninhabited islands of the Bahama group. These people had been sold to contractors to be worked for a certain period of years in the colonies, and under the English law, as it was then in vogue, they had to be returned to their masters; not however, until they had been condemned like any other class of property in the Vice-Admiralty Court. The officers of the captured merchantmen were present, and in the course of the condemnation proceedings, had to make a hard fight against Johnson's naval officers, who claimed them as a legitimate prize taken in war. It was a unique sight, even in that day, to see litigants wrangling in a court of law over the actual possession of more than a hundred white slaves—for such they were to all intents and purposes. These unfortunate creatures were kept in custody during the trial, which dragged its tedious length through several days. Judge Nicholas Trott, who presided, after hearing a mass of testimony and argument, decreed that "the convicts and covenant servants" should be "publicly sold or assigned over to such persons as shall be minded to purchase them for the several terms," for which they were sentenced or bound, the proceeds, less the expenses of the sale, to be delivered to the ship's officers as agents for the owners. History tells nothing of the sale of these human chattels, which was certainly one of the most remarkable ever known in the annals of slavery in America.

The events just related ended forever the exploits of the pirates on the Carolina coast. Not that they were entirely exterminated, but seeing the strength and determination of the South Carolinians they concluded that it was wiser to be discreet than valorous, and shifted the scene of their operations. Here and there we find accounts of subsequent outrages, but these were only isolated cases, and had no effect on the general current of commerce between the colony and England. The next year the revolt against the Proprietors

took place, and the colony was attached to the crown, and from this time it enjoyed a prosperity such as had never been known since its founding fifty years before. So rarely were even rumors of the buccaneers received that in a few years the commissions for their trials, which had formerly been issued along with the commissions of each new governor, were allowed to expire, and after about 1725, instructions regarding them ceased to be given to the provincial officers. The bold outlaws, who had once overawed the coast and paralyzed the chief branches of trade, had passed into history, and the commissions which had so lately been an important part of the machinery of government, were now but a useless appendage, and could well be permitted to lapse.



## NEO-PANTHEISM AND THE CATHOLIC FAITH.<sup>1</sup>

WE have taken two short treatises as the basis of this article because they illustrate, within brief compass, the perpetual struggle which has been going on, ever since the Gospel was first delivered to us, between "the wisdom of the world," and "the foolishness" of that gospel.

On the one side is S. Athanasius, illumined by the eternal Spirit of God to receive, to see, to express, and to defend the "hidden mystery" of the Only-Begotten's Incarnation. On the other side is the luminous thought—we cannot say strong argument, for argument is non-existent—but the luminous thought and clear style of a Neo-Pantheist of this present year. He professes to supply a gnosis which will solve all mysteries that are capable of solution, and to make the Christian faith acceptable to "the wisdom of this world." The enlightened Unitarian, the Hegelian philosopher, may recite the Nicene creed, not in the low sense in which the Catholic Church has transmitted it through the ages, but as a symbol of philosophic truth suited to vulgar apprehensions, while the wise philosopher knows how to read the underlying meaning of the symbol.

The Christian creed is no longer the ground of a true repentance, the confession of a sinner turning to God with humble submission to Him as He has revealed Himself, the Father who created, the Son who gave His life in atonement on the Cross, the Spirit who regenerates a soul by the baptism of water and the Holy Ghost. The creed is the wisdom of the philosopher put into the language of the people, to be interpreted by the light of superior wisdom.

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<sup>1</sup> S. Athanasius, *De Incarnatione Verbi*; J. M. Whiton, Ph.D., *Gloria Patri or Our Talks about the Trinity* (1892); Bartholmæss, *Histoire Critique des Doctrines Religieuses de la Philosophie Moderne* (1855).



Whether this language of reprobation be justifiable or unjustifiable, will, it is hoped, appear from what follows. It will at least have the advantage of presenting distinctly the position maintained by us, which is, that the teaching which we call "Neo-Pantheism" is open to all those objections which have justly been made to older pantheistic schemes, objections in behalf of sound morality and Christian faith, which indicate Pantheism in any form as the most subtle and dangerous device which the enemy of mankind has ever originated.

*What is the genesis of Neo-Pantheism?* If we are to use, and justify the use of, a term which expresses the condemnation with which every rightly thinking and loyal Christian man must regard a new doctrine originated by the enemy of mankind for the injury of the Catholic faith, of sound morality, and of the Redeemer's work, it will be necessary to make a brief retrospect of modern Pantheism, and to note its subtle Protean changes.

Spinoza's definition of "substance" contains the *proton pseudos*, the starting point of falsity, because it begs the question, and involves Pantheism in its snaky folds. If "substance" is that which exists in, by, and for itself, and which is *causa sui*, self-caused, and if there is such a substance in existence, there is, says Spinoza, and there can be, only one such substance, one, unlimited, necessary, eternal. It is God. All things besides it are modes of its existence. Spinoza frankly says so. But the nineteenth century will object to him that his so-called "substance" is only an empty word. We can know nothing of any corresponding reality. (*Gloria P.*, p. 80.) "We only know the properties and qualities of substance." If so—if that is all—it might seem that Pantheism had died a natural death, and is only now a bogey to frighten away timid seekers from the inquiry after noble truths. But no; as we soon shall see the Proteus is only "scotched," not killed.

But let us listen to Spinoza again. Substance and cause, he says, are identical; and what we call God is cause of all.

that presents itself to our view, our outward or inward view. God is not "*causa transiens*" an intelligent and conscious Cause who freely creates time, space, whatever they may be, and all individual finite beings, whether material or spiritual, "out of nothing," ἐκ τῶν οὐκ ὄντων, as S. Athanasius says, *i. e.*, from no pre-existent material. God is "*causa immanens*," immanent; for the word now appears in its modern signification, as requisite for the expression of pure Pantheism, and Spinoza is the father of "Immanence." That is, once more, all things that appear to us are modes, or "manifestations," as Neo-Pantheism calls them, of God. The new word "manifestation," introduces no new conception. It is only one of the Protean "transformations." For "manifestation," as mankind in general use the word, requires not only a manifester, but an intelligence to which the manifestation comes. But in Neo-Pantheism, all beings except the eternal Father are His "manifestations." Chief among them is the Lord Jesus; but all others are in essence, (Spinoza would have said, "in substance") the same. Spinoza's modes, we have said, re-appear as "manifestations." Without dwelling upon this point, we may illustrate so far as to cite the author of "Gloria Patri." "We must give a wider sense to the Trinitarian term, Son, than either Trinitarians or Unitarians have thus far generally recognized. It has been formally restricted" (*e. g.*, by the Nicene creed, "the Only-Begotten,") "to the historical person of Christ. But in reality it must be extended to include the whole of that Eternal Manifestation" (to whom?) "by which Transcendent Deity . . . is revealed as immanent in all, as well as above all, indwelling in His works, . . . and most fully in Jesus Christ." (*G. P.*, p. 39.) His works, it should be noted, are not *created*, in the Christian sense of the word, "out of nothing." "All that is finite *proceeds* from the Infinite One; all the forms of finite existence are embodiments of Him, expressions of His Eternal Intelligence, and therefore, though in varying fulness of expression, His Word." (*G. P.*, p. 77.) But we must not anticipate. Our digression was due to our meeting the pan-

theistic immanence in its Spinozan dress. So we return to Spinoza.

The infinite variety of the universe, he says, has one only essence, unlimited, infinite, which perpetually takes on those two modes of being which we call spiritual and material. God is the "immanent" cause of all things; for it is *the nature of substance* to develop itself, by inward necessity, (Neo-Pantheism says, the nature of Transcendent Deity, *i. e.*, the Father), in an infinitude of infinite attributes, infinitely modified.

What makes Spinoza especially noteworthy is not only the blameless sincerity of his life, but also the frankness with which he follows out his Pantheism to its necessary conclusions. There is no free, conscious personality in God or man. That is an illusion of the imagination. All will to choose, all distinction between good and evil, between order and disorder, between merit and demerit, is pure prejudice. Pain, sorrow, sin are ignored, treated as non-existent. The way of the Cross has no meaning for such a thorough Pantheist. A simple resignation to the inevitable is the true, the only wisdom.

But an introspective, critical age was coming on, and Spinoza's metaphysical "substance" must yield to those psychological facts that could be more truly known and investigated. Fichte begins as Spinozist, but goes on to denounce his master. And so our Proteus appears in a new guise. No one doubts the existence of himself. Fichte asks *ego* to show him the unity of all things in heaven and earth. And the answer which he thinks that he hears is this: "Thou art thyself the reality of all things. All that thou seest without thee, thou art ever thyself. In all consciousness," (*i. e.*, in all knowing) "thou beholdest thyself." For all knowledge is limited to facts of consciousness. A mental "process" goes on (which Hegel borrowed from Fichte) by which this wonderful Me discovers its limitation which it calls the outer world; and then, freeing itself, produces again that moral order free from limitations, which we name God. But to

attribute Personal Consciousness to that Divine order, to make an individual Being of it, is the error of anthropomorphism. It is making this moral order finite instead of absolute. It is like our converting the cold which we feel, into a real, independent thing.

It was not difficult for "common-sense" scoffers to ridicule, not the Pantheism, but the subjective presentation of it. Mme. de Staël thought that a new Munchausen had appeared trying lift himself over the brook by tugging at his own boots. And Heine said: "The operation reminds us of the monkey seated on the hearth before a copper kettle, cooking his own tail. For (it urged) the true art of cooking consists not in the mere objective act of cooking, but in the subjective consciousness of the process of cooking."

But scoffing aside, Nature, all those endless phenomena, full of charm and mystery, yet capable of yielding to our will in practical applications of them which we call Nature, refused to be converted into our sensations. For what we make, we can unmake. But Nature is unyielding to us. We subjugate her, in obeying her laws. So the pantheistic mind turned to Nature in search of the unity which should unite everything in earth and heaven. And metaphysic comes boldly forward once more, refusing to be turned out of doors, but not objecting to wear a new garb of new terms. The Absolute, spelt with a large A, is the happy invention which reconciles all contradictions. Fichte's *ego*, whose subjective impressions were the sum of all truth, shall be identified with the objects which we think that we know, in a unity called the Absolute. It is known by spiritual intuition, not demonstrated by any logical process.

Very poetical, artistic, warmed by enthusiasm, was it all. But one might be inclined to call it a universe constructed out of Schelling's inner consciousness, seen only by the intuition of a few inspired geniuses, who are industrious spiders spinning webs out of their own bodies to entrap human flies. And one might be expecting to sweep them all down with the broom of common sense. But unwisely, perhaps.



For Schelling has re-appeared in a new and attractive American dress, the work of Professor Royce.

Note, in passing, that Schelling *repudiates Pantheism*. "The God of pure idealism, like that of pure realism is necessarily an impersonal God. It is the god of Fichte, of Spinoza. God, for me is the living unity of all the forces, the highest personality, spirit *par excellence*." But personality is unmeaning without freedom. And that unfolding of Deity which, according to Schelling, becomes nature, which becomes man, is of necessity. Creation is conceived as a free act of the Creator. There is no such freedom, therefore there is no true personality, in any form of pantheistic evolution. Let us anticipate, and hear "Gloria Patri" once more. "By creation Arius meant an act of God that was voluntary, but not necessary to Him, something that He could dispense with." (So did S. Athanasius.) "But the Athanasian thought is that self-expression is a necessity of nature to the Infinite mind." (*G. P.*, p. 75.) But what is that necessary "self-expression?" It is answered that our Lord Jesus Christ was not the sole word or form of God. (p. 76.) "Such a form of God is our humanity, . . . identical in nature with Christ's." "The Eternal process of the Word takes effect not in Christ only, but in us also." (p. 77.) And not in us only. "The advance of science has revealed to us the unity of all life and all things in an orderly and everlasting process, outside of which not even the unique Person of Christ can now be rationally placed." (p. 31.)

If we have again diverged from the straight path, we are once more enabled to detect the old enemy in its new dress of Neo-Pantheism.

But let us return to Schelling and his brilliant disciple at Harvard College. The problem of moral evil with its correlative, the Christian's faith respecting our Savior's Cross, has always been Ithuriel's spear compelling the adversary to show himself. Schelling says: "The evil does not exist outside of God, nor apart from God. Speaking dialectically, good and evil are identical." That is, they are two stages of

evolution in the same Being, who is the "indifference" of contraries. At a later period in the history of thought, M. Renan is asked what he makes of sin. And the answer is the frank pantheistic confession: "Eh bien; je crois que je le supprime." He ignores it; he blots it out.<sup>1</sup>

Now let us hear Professor Royce. "Thro' all the powers, good and evil, and in them all dwells the higher spirit that does not so much create as constitute them what they are and include them all." "Thy evil intent which in its separateness would be unmixed evil, thy selfish will, thy struggle against the moral insight, this evil will of thine is . . . an element in the organic life of God." "As the evil impulse is to the good man" (in his corrupted nature), "so is the evil will of the wicked man to the life of God in which he is an element."

As for our Neo-Pantheist, he cannot ignore sin with Renan, nor with Royce will he follow out his philosophy to its necessary conclusions. But he is on the road thither. Propitiation can be accepted only as pointing to God in the conscience. "The Atonement of Christ, while indeed drawing its material and its imagery from the work of God in history, is not a reparation offered at an historical epoch to God on a heavenly throne, but rather to the Divine Spirit in the sinner's breast." "Here the true Atonement of Christ is wrought, where groaning conscience in the purifying fellowship of Christ discharges its burden by repentance, and is at peace." (*G. P.*, p. 144.) We might almost fancy ourselves listening to the pantheistic Neo-Platonist, to Plotinus showing us how the spirit that emanates from God turns back to its source, without such vulgar notions of an expiatory Cross as sensual Christians made their only trust. And it seems to us quite certain that if the Catholic Church had presented what we have named Neo-Pantheism, as the Gospel of Christ, Porphyry would have taken no pains to oppose it.

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<sup>1</sup> See Mrs. Humphry Ward's preface to *Amiel's Journal*, p. lvi., and the journal, p. 16.

It would be folly to try to follow Hegel into his abysmal depths, and, within the compass of this article, to ask whether he is Pantheist or not. But, respecting his followers whose subtle influence is pervading Protestant Christianity to-day, there can be no manner of doubt. They did not, with Spinoza, assert one immovable substance as the ultimate reality in all things. But they substituted one "subject," always in movement, in "process," in "becoming." The "idea," universal reason, spirit, becomes self-conscious in the human race, which is treated as one personality, having one "consciousness." God, as the eternal "I Am," personal, conscious of Himself, and of His Only-Begotten Word, has vanished. God is conscious in man, in the race of men. This "consciousness of the race" (we use the formula without attaching any meaning to it), is most elevated in the "Christian consciousness." This is most Divine. This is God Incarnate; which is all one with God Immanent in all mankind, but finding highest expression in the "Christian consciousness." Thus for God Incarnate in Blessed Mary's womb is substituted God "Immanent" in the human race, eternally transfused in nature and humanity.

Our personal responsibility and immortality, the resurrection of our human nature in flesh and spirit, and the final judgment of the risen dead, vanish in the alembic of pantheistic gnosis. "What is eternal is spirit. The soul, *i. e.*, the bond which unites spirit to the body, dissolves at death. The resurrection and the final judgment are sensuous images; if we would seize their truth, we must interpret them. We reach the idea of the resurrection, when we discover that it is a present truth, the resurrection of the spirit, the absorption of human reason in the Divine." "Mortal individuals constitute the immortal species. . . . The resurrection is nothing but the identity of the finite with the infinite in the life of man; and as such it has two phases, the transformation of the infinite into the finite, and that of the finite into the infinite."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> See further, Bartholmèss, II., p. 328.

To some who read such speculations, they may seem the obscure, self-evolved dreams or spider webs of mystical philosophers. Well for us if it were so. But philosophy has never remained shut up in dusty closets. It has always come out to find expression and to prompt action in popular religion, or politics, or social life, as the case might suggest. And most of all, in an age like this of mutual toleration, good-natured *laissez-faire*, and unlimited fellowship, the very foundations of religion and morality may be corrupted while in mutual admiration, we are applauding our peaceful good feeling and brotherhood. Satan has all to gain, the Catholic faith and the Catholic Church all to lose. Would God that He would raise us up another Athanasius!

For first, personal love of man towards God, with gratitude for the personal love of God towards man, can have no consistent place in this or any other pantheistic scheme. If Hegel himself does not deny, he simply ignores this side of the religious life. Union with God is a question of logical identity, of metaphysical identity, not of a voluntary devotion, free, though mediated by the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Christ, in His Body which is His Church. "To conceive God as the principle of our spirit, its immanent subject, is, according to Hegel, at once to know and to love God." (Bart. II., p. 298.) Adoration and loving personal service to a personal God are equally out of place. And for the work of the Christian Trinity in our behalf, which makes us say, "We love Him because He first loved us," is substituted a philosophical trinity known by the intuitions of enlightened reason, in form differing from the old Neo-Platonic trinity, but in application just as remote from a religious life in the Christian sense of the word.

Next, faith as loving trust in a Revelation made to us by the Father through His Only-Begotten Son proves to be only the refuge of the unenlightened herd. The wise man has the true gnosis; and if all were as wise as he, what we ignorantly call Revelation would be only a superfluous unveiling of what our reason had already discovered. "Revelation is



the unfolding of the life and the thought of God within the world, . . . not descending from above, but developing from within." (*G. P.*, p. 137.) Is this the Gospel of Him who said, "I am the way, and no man cometh to the Father but by Me;" and who also said, "I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes?"<sup>1</sup>

But we must hasten on, to finish our rapid glance at these kaleidoscopic transformations of the one untruth. The cosmic Pantheism which Strauss so frankly avows in his "Old Faith and New," is especially adapted to the materialism of the age. And if Herbert Spencer did not hide his conclusion from our eyes as unknowable, we might, perhaps, refer to the same cosmic Pantheism his unification of force as the hidden ground of all phenomena. But, on the other hand, since the unknowable involves suspense of judgment, if faith could add self-consciousness and holiness to that unknown power, Spencer might be a worshipper of that unknown God whom no man hath seen or can see, but whom "the Only-Begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, hath declared" unto us. (*S. John*, I., 18.)

Schopenhauer also, who did so much to make Buddhism a fad of transcendental thinkers, may be viewed as another

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<sup>1</sup> S. Athanasius has learned this Gospel. (c. xiii. seq.) "Men having become derationalized, and demoniacal deceit completely darkening creation everywhere and concealing the knowledge of the true God . . . what must God do? Or what else was needful but to renew again the grace by which they had been made after His image (*κατ' εἰκόνα*; similarity, not identity) so that through it men might be able once more to know Him? But how could this have been done except by the coming of the very image Himself of God, our Savior Jesus Christ? . . . For it could not be through men, seeing that they are only *made after the image*. . . . Therefore the Word of God came in His own Person, in order that, as he was the image of the Father, He might be able to re-create the man made after the image." As when a portrait on a panel has been stained and effaced, the artist may retrace the likeness upon it. . . . "So the Lord said, Except a man be born anew he cannot see the kingdom of God." We write with the Greek text before us, but for convenience in verification shall follow the translation published in the "Christian Classic Series."

transformation of the same class, since in place of force, he presents will which is a higher though kindred conception, force being known only in its effects, while will is immediately known in ourselves. Others had made thought, the idea, spirit, the one essential element under all appearances. But under this new magician's wand, Proteus re-appears as Will, "objectifying itself as thought, as body, as the universe;" becoming temporarily conscious of itself in man, but gladly sinking back again into unconscious Nirvana, since conscious life is only misery. But this is aside from our retrospect, which is to trace the genesis of Neo-Pantheism, and to indicate as briefly as possible its connection with Hegel, and through him, with his pantheistic predecessors.

We may now more definitely try to depict the lineaments of this new adversary of the Catholic faith, contrasting it with that faith in six cardinal particulars.

1. The Catholic faith has taught us to adore "One Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-Begotten Son of God." Through Him the Father is known, since he that hath seen Him hath seen the Father. Through Him we are re-created (in the new birth of water and of the Spirit) to be what we were not by natural birth, *sc.*, children of God. "It belonged to none other than the image of the Father to re-create for men the likeness of God's image."

Neo-Pantheism, on the other hand, "refuses to recognize the term Only-Begotten as belonging to Christ in virtue of any difference in nature from us. We discover the ground of it in exceptional fulness of life . . . not essentially and forever impossible to man." (*G. P.*, p. 60.) Porphyry's blunder consisted in not reciting the Christian creed along with the Catholic Church, while giving it a philosophic meaning.

2. Defining her faith more strictly as a safeguard against heretical perversions, the Catholic Church adds to her creed, "begotten not made, Being of one substance with the Father." S. Athanasius expressed the thought of the Church as she had received it from the Lord, being taught by the Holy

Ghost, when he said, (chap. iv.) "By nature man is mortal since he was made out of what is not; but through his *likeness* (*ὁμοιότης*) to Him that is . . . he would deprive of its power the corruption that is his by nature. For God has not only made us out of nothing, but also has bestowed upon us a life in accordance with God's, by the grace of the Word: . . . *by nature corruptible*, but by grace of the communion of the Word capable of escaping from our natural state."

Neo-Pantheism recites the Homo-ousios with the Church, but mentally adds, "I too am of one substance (if any one can tell what substance is) with the Father." "All life is essentially one; we are logically obliged to carry its application (the Homo-ousios), further than was done at Nicea, and to claim for the race of man that oneness of spiritual nature with God which was there claimed only for the great Son of Man." (*G. P.*, p. 29.) Homo-ousios is true not for Christ alone, but for the whole race to which He belongs." (p. 55.) It is "a universal fact in the world of spirit." (p. 69.)

3. The Catholic faith is that all things were made by the Only-Begotten Son of God. The Church only repeats what S. John said in the introduction to the Gospel. "By Him all things were made, and without Him was nothing made that hath been made." (*S. John*, I. 3.) S. Athanasius briefly utters the Church's faith when he says (chap. iii.), "God made all things out of nothing (*ἐκ τῶν οὐκ ὄντων*, *i. e.*, not from pre-existent, eternal matter,) through His own Word, our Lord Jesus Christ."

S. Basil (*De Sp. Sto.*, § 19) more fully expresses the same truth. "The Creator Word, the Only-Begotten God, . . . the Lord, says,—'Thine are Mine,' inasmuch as He thence (from the Father) derives the creating cause; not that He avails Himself of assistance in His working, nor that He is furnished with detailed instructions for the execution of each several work—for that would not in the least represent His Divine rank. But the Word is full of His Father's excellence, and beaming forth from the Father, does all things according to the likeness of Him that begat Him. . . . Thus

when we say that all things were made through Him . . . we are not to suppose that He was a mere instrument—but that as Creator, He fulfilled the Father's will."

But while Neo-Pantheism, like its predecessor of Alexandria, believes in a Logos emanating from transcendent Deity, the eternal Father's "manifestation," it yet rejects the Catholic faith, that that Word is the mediate cause and efficient Creator, as well as the exemplar of all the universe. Neo-Pantheism recites the Nicene creed, and unsuspecting Christians charitably assume that the words mean what they say. But when the words are uttered, "*By whom* all things were made," secretly is whispered, "*For Him* all things were made, because the historic Christ is the consummation of the emanations from the transcendent Father, the end to which previous incarnations were directed." We do our best not to misrepresent, and will quote again. (*G. P.*, p. 57.) We must "distinguish between God as the original cause, by whom all things were made, and Christ as the final cause, the end for which are all things."<sup>1</sup> "Before the advent of the historic Christ, the essential Christ had begun to appear in a succession of more or less Christly men."

By faith Christians have understood that "the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear." But faith becomes needless in the view of this subtle gnosia. There is no such creation. "All the forms of finite existence are embodiments of the Infinite One." (p. 77.) "Life is one everywhere, generating and generated. The former is the eternal Father, the latter is all things which are besides Him." (p. 87, etc.) "This universal life, through all its myriad ranks . . . is His co-eternal Word, His Son." "In Christ the before unconscious sonship of the world awakes to consciousness of the Father."

#### 4. The Catholic faith holds that the Only-Begotten God

<sup>1</sup> Even Greek grammar is not allowed to stand in the way, and *διὰ* with the genitive, "*by means of*" is made to do duty for *διὰ* with the accusative, "*on account of*"; see again p. 89.



was "incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary." He pitied the created nature which had gone away from its Creator. Therefore "He took our body from a spotless and stainless maiden . . . being Himself mighty and artificer of the universe, He prepares in the Virgin the body as a temple for Himself, and personally appropriates this as an instrument being made known in it, and dwelling in it." (*De Inc. V. chap. viii.*) Neo-Pantheism does not deny the historic fact of the Virgin's conception, but ignores it as of no consequence one way or the other. "Christ's perfect sonship is constituted by . . . an ethical development, a process in the spirit; and what is ethical is divine. . . . All life is essentially divine," and "all life is constitutionally, even when unconsciously, ethical," (whatever that may mean.) (*G. P., p. 130.*) The Catholic term "Incarnation" thus becomes equivalent to the other pantheistic term "Immanence."

According to Catholic faith the Word of God is in all things through His Spirit by a true immanence, *sc.*, by sustaining power, and above all by imparting to the regenerate, divine qualities according to their capacity to receive those qualities. But He is still and forever outside of created things, distinct from all, though in all by His power. (*Ἐν πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει ὢν, ἐκτός μὲν ἔσται, τοῦ παντός κατ' οὐσίαν, ἐν πάσῃ δὲ ἔσται ταῖς ἑαυτοῦ δυνάμεσι, τὰ πάντα διακοσμῶν, κ. τ. λ. cxvii.*)

The personal will of every rational creature remains free, even when new-born through the Spirit of Christ, to follow or to oppose that indwelling Spirit, even while that Spirit testifies along with our spirit (*συμμαρτυρεῖ*), that we have been made children of God. (*Rom. viii. 16.*)

The Catholic Church, then, knows a true "immanence" of God in man, first in the human nature of the Anointed one, our Savior, then through Him in His Body, the Church, then through her as His organ, in every member of the body. This is that Immanence of the Spirit which calls out one of the most eloquent passages of S. Basil's great work. (§ 23.) "Through Him hearts are lifted up, the weak are taken by the hand, the advancing are perfected. He, shedding His bright

beams on those who are cleansed from every stain, makes them spiritual by their communion with Himself. And as clear, transparent bodies, if a ray of light fall upon them, become radiant themselves, and diffuse their splendor all around, so souls illuminated by the indwelling Spirit are rendered spiritual themselves, and impart their grace to others." (Cf. Milligan on the *Ascension*, p. 184.)

That this Immanence is not an Incarnation hardly needs to be said. The Catholic Church has defined that Incarnation of the Word of God in terms which sharply limit it. "One Christ, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God. One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ," one Divine Person, who assumed our Human Nature into hypostatic union with Himself, creating a human body and soul in the Virgin's womb, of her substance, for His everlasting tabernacle. (S. Leo. *Ep.* 25.) Neo-Pantheism, in confounding Incarnation and Immanence, and making the former a perpetual manifestation of the Father through all things, denies the Savior of the World, while in words professing to believe in Him. In truth we seem to be reading a western Buddhist, when we find, (*G. P.*, p. 151,) "The eternal generation of the Son by the Father in perpetual incarnations or embodiments of the uncreated and all-creating life, idealized to us primordially in the Logos, or Word, and historically perfected in the Christ." Or again, (p. 88,) "Every incarnation of life is, *pro tanto*, and in its measure, an incarnation of God, and the age-long way of God, so far as we can trace it in the world, is in a perpetually increasing Incarnation of Life," (the Neo-Pantheistic substitute for the Hegelian Idea,) "whose climax and crown is the Divine fulness of Life" (in Gautama Buddha?) "in Christ."

But it might very naturally be asked why we bestow so much labor and trouble on a single and small treatise with a strange title, which will probably be forgotten in a brief space of time. Certainly, we are not quoting it for its own

sake, clear and suggestive as it is. But there are grave reasons for serious thought. *If Protestant religion is so honey-combed with this apostasy from the Lord Jesus Christ*, if deductions from it are all unconsciously mingled with the Christian faith by men most loyal to the one Savior of the world, surely the time has arrived for careful re-consideration of the terms in which the Catholic Church expresses her faith. Among these pantheistic deductions from substituting Immanence for the Only-Begotten Son's Incarnation of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, are the two following:—

5. The Catholic faith confesses a future "Resurrection of the flesh." "The Body (of Christ) having the same essence as is common to all, (for it was a human body, although by a novel miracle it was formed from a virgin only,) was mortal . . . but by the descent into it of the Word it became no longer liable to corruption in accordance with its own nature, but through the indwelling Word of God it passed out of reach of corruption." . . . His Body rose again completely sound in all its parts, since it was the body of none other than Life itself." This "certifies to all the incorruption of their bodies in the future." (*De Inc. V.*, chap. xx. seq.) Neo-Pantheism denies this Resurrection of the Lord and of His people.<sup>1</sup> The words of the creed are used and the faithful are deluded thereby. The Lord's Body and our own bodies are "temporary accidents of our humanity." (*G. P.*, p. 21.) Nature is "an ever rising and vanishing series of phenomena," (p. 134,) and what we call the resurrection is, at death, a "standing up in fulness of life," which life is God everywhere. (p. 96.)

6. The Catholic faith adores the Lord Jesus passing through death to life for us, offering Himself "a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world." Repentance alone does not restore to us what we have lost by sin, which is union with God, and life everlasting. "Repentance alone would not guard the consistency of God; for He would still re-

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<sup>1</sup>See above, p. 214.

main untrue, if death did not hold the mastery over men. Nor does repentance recall men from what is according to their nature. . . . When once transgression gained a start, men came under the power of corruption which was their nature, and were bereft of the grace which was theirs in virtue of their being made after God's image." (*De Inc. V.*, chap. vii.). "Since what was due from all must needs be paid—(*sc.*, that all should die)—He then offered up the sacrifice on behalf of all, surrendering His own temple to death in place of all to make all men no more liable to the account, and to free from the old transgression, and to show Himself also mightier than death, showing forth His own Body incorruptible as firstfruits of the resurrection of all." (chap. xxx.) Hence comes the great significance of the Holy Eucharist as the perpetual "showing forth of the Lord's death" as a sacrifice. Neo-Pantheism gets no standing room where that sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist is publicly and continually offered. For the whole Liturgy is the expression of the words used in our own service: "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins." The rise of this substitute for Christian faith is in that corrupted soil where the Lord's appointed memorial is either set aside, or hidden in an obscure corner.

For Neo-Pantheism, finally, denies the propitiatory sacrifice of Jesus' life and death. It is not merely any theory of it which is denied. It is the Christian faith altogether, which says that He "was crucified for us." "In the penitent and praying heart, the true atonement of Christ is wrought, where groaning conscience, in the purifying fellowship of Christ, discharges its burden by repentance, and is at peace. . . . It is not a governmental work outside of us, but an educational work within us. . . . Mediated by historical incidents, it is not an historical propitiation of God in space and time, but a spiritual process of God within the conscience." (p. 144.) This is hardly up to the level of its pro-



genitor, the Neo-Platonism of Porphyry, for he would add to penitence, at least the necessity of ascetic virtues.

Our painful task is ended. It is not proof or refutation. It is merely to set, side by side, the Christian faith, and one of the latest forms of apostasy from Christ, able to delude the inconsiderate by masquerading as Christian and reciting the Christian creed, while denying the Lord who bought us with His most precious Blood. But if our readers inconsiderately borrow the language which one sometimes hears, and ask, "Why trouble one's self with dark mysteries? why not be satisfied with simple faith in Jesus Christ?" We answer most briefly:—

1. Faith in Jesus is loyalty to Jesus, and that is holding fast the Catholic faith.

2. That faith is the means of our salvation; *i. e.*, it contains the means of our reaching the perfection for which God has provided the way.

3. The counterfeit, being the devil's lie, is his most profoundly corrupting device for the ruin of mankind. Science may say, and say truly: "Let us follow the truth wherever it may lead. Let consequences take care of themselves." But Pantheism in any shape offers no demonstrations. It demands that we see its truth by direct insight. But we are certain that if its results are radically evil, it must be false at the root. "The tree is known by its fruits."

JOHN J. ELMENDORF.

Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill., Dec., 1892.

## GOODWIN'S GREEK GRAMMAR.<sup>1</sup>

SOME months ago we received a letter from the Rector of what was formerly the best equipped classical school in the South. He wrote asking us to recommend him a classical teacher, but in a tone of despair added: "I am almost tempted to abolish the classics in my school, so unfortunate have I been in my teachers during the past few years. They do not seem to be able to interest the students. The boys protest against the study, and parents see no use in it." This letter sounds the key-note to the whole situation. The trouble all along has been that we have poor teachers and bad methods and short-sighted parents. "What we want," says Dr. Gildersleeve, "is not less Latin and Greek, but less waste of time in learning, or pretending to learn, Latin and Greek. We want improved methods of teaching, and in order to get better methods we want better teachers. We want teachers who have a living and breathing knowledge of the language which they profess to teach; a knowledge which the learner can bathe in as well as drink."

For ages we have had to contend against the enemies of higher culture and the cry goes out almost daily, "The Philistines be upon you;" but the cause has not lacked champions, although the weapon wielded by Samson of old has been used against us in this struggle. It was well said by Dean Stanley that during all the ages when the oracle of Delphi commanded the reverence of Greece, the place in which it was enshrined needed no walls for its defense. "The majesty of its temple was sufficient. Its fortifications, as useless as they were unseemly, were built only in that disastrous time when the ancient faith had decayed, and the ora-

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<sup>1</sup> *A Greek Grammar*, by William W. Goodwin, Hon. LL.D., and D. C. L. Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1892.

cle was compelled to rely on the arm of flesh, on its bulwarks of brick and stone, not on its own intrinsic sanctity."

Such was the reverence formerly entertained for classical studies, and although mutterings had been heard from time to time, all comparatively recent and outspoken opposition in this country may be said to date from the year 1883, when Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., delivered his famous address before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Association on a "College Fetich."

The "College Fetich" of which he spoke on that occasion was the worship of the Greek Language, and with powerful invective he called upon us "to do away with this Idol," to reconstruct our academic and university systems after the inspiration of modern ideas, and to substitute those studies which would be more efficient in their disciplinary value and more useful by reason of their closer affinities with the practical tendencies of our modern scientific life.

There are, however, nowhere signs of a break with the past, and with Dr. Gildersleeve we "still live in the abiding assurance that what is inwrought in the structure of our history and our literature must survive so long as the history of our race and the history of our language shall survive. To disentwine the warp of the classics from the woof of our life is simply impossible."

We have abundant evidence that the cause of the classics in this country is not on the wane. The fact that in the city of Boston alone we have three prosperous publishing houses devoted almost exclusively to the publication of Latin and Greek text-books, would indicate that the demand for such publications is increasing, and the several editions of *Goodwin's Greek Grammar* mark the progress that has been made in the methods of teaching.

This popular grammar, which has reached its third edition, merits all the success that has been vouchsafed to it. The first edition appeared in 1870, and was a little volume of some two hundred and thirty-five pages. The second edition of 1879, contained three hundred and ninety-three

pages, and marked a decided advance over its predecessor. The third edition, of 1892, numbers four hundred and fifty-one pages, being almost double the size of the first edition, and fifty-eight pages larger than the second. It is as much superior to the second edition as the latter was to the first.

In his Preface the author takes occasion to defend this repeated increase in the size of his book, not because, says he, "I attribute ever-increasing importance to the study of formal grammar in school. On the contrary, the growth of the book has come from a more decided opinion that the amount of grammar which should be learned by rote is exceedingly small compared with that which every real student of the classics must learn in a very different way. When it was thought that a pupil must first learn his Latin and Greek grammars, and then learn to read Latin and Greek, it was essential to reduce a school grammar to its least possible dimensions. Now, when a more sensible system leaves most of the details of grammar to be learned by the study of special points which arise in reading or writing, the case is entirely different; and few good teachers or good students are any longer grateful for a small grammar which must soon be discarded as the horizon widens and new questions press for an answer."

No one will take issue with Dr. Goodwin upon the enlargement of his grammar, which the above reasoning so fully justifies. It may be said in advance that almost every addition and alteration is a gain, but it is to be regretted that there have been left undone some things which ought to have been done, and that in other instances the author has failed to profit by the teachings of that scholar "whose writings have thrown light upon most of the dark places in Greek Syntax."

The Introduction remains the same except that here and there are found passages interjected by way of elucidation. Part I., treating of Letters, Syllables, and Accents, is somewhat expanded and greatly improved. Especially valuable is the section on the ancient pronunciation of the Greek, and the table of contractions, on page 15, the omission of which



in former editions is inexplicable. Part II., on Inflection, reveals several changes, chiefly in the sections on the Verb, which are for the most part rewritten and remodelled. Every page is marked by the results of more recent investigations. The quantity of long *a*, *i*, *u*, which is indicated in Parts I., II., and III., satisfies a "long-felt want." The paradigms and synopses of the verb are given in a new and more attractive form. The nine tense systems are clearly distinguished in each synopsis and also in the paradigms, so far as is consistent with a proper distinction of the three voices. The verbs in *μt* are now inflected in close connection with those in *ω*. The now established Attic forms of the pluperfect active are given in the paradigms. The "connecting vowel" has been discarded, the familiar term "thematic vowel" has been adopted in place of "variable vowel," which was used in the former editions to designate the *o* or *ε* added to the verb stem to form the present stem of verbs in *ω*. The whole subject of tense stems and their inflection has been made clearer. All this the author claims in his Preface, and a careful examination fully justifies the claim.

Part III., on the Formation of Words, is little changed except by additions. Thus far our author leaves small ground for criticism. But Part IV., on the Syntax, is confessedly the most important part, and it is here that most fault may be found. The "chief principles of Greek Syntax," says Dr. Goodwin, "have always seemed to me more profitable for a pupil in the earlier years of his classical studies than the details of vowel changes and exceptional forms which are often thought more seasonable." We are told that the changes made in the new edition of the "Greek Moods and Tenses" have been adopted so far as is possible in this grammar, but there as here we fail to observe any important changes for the better that may not be traced directly or indirectly to Dr. Gildersleeve. This, of course, does not affect the usefulness of the book, but it affords an interesting study in determining the question of authorship. It is true that in his preface to the new edition of the "Moods and Tenses," our author

did make a suitable acknowledgement to Dr. Gildersleeve, but in his preface to the volume under review, he seems to regard any recognition of obligation as altogether unnecessary. That such obligation does in very truth exist may be made clear from the following comparisons.

"The treatment of ὥστε," says our author, "is entirely new, and the distinction between the Infinitive with ὥστε μή and the Indicative with ὥστε οὐ is explained." Let us see in what sense the treatment of ὥστε may be regarded as new. In the 1879 edition we find: "ὥστε (sometimes ὥς) *so that*, which generally takes the Infinitive, is sometimes followed by the Indicative to express a *result*. The negative is οὐ." In a subsequent remark it is added: "When ὥστε takes the Infinitive (with negative μή) the action of the verb is stated more distinctly as a *result* depending on the action of the leading verb; the Indicative emphasizes the action rather as an independent fact." What all this means is not very clear. In the new edition we find: "ὥστε (sometimes ὥς) *so as, so that*, is used with the Infinitive and with the Indicative to express a result. With the Infinitive (the negative being μή), the result is stated as one which the action of the leading verb *tends* to produce; with the Indicative (the negative being οὐ) as one which that action actually *does* produce. These two constructions are essentially distinct in their nature, even when it is indifferent to the general sense which is used in a given case."

So far as the old edition is concerned then, the treatment is doubtless new, but when we recall the words of Dr. Gildersleeve, uttered long since, the air of novelty vanishes. Dr. Gildersleeve thus expressed it years ago: "ὥστε or ὥς with the Infinitive (negative μή) expresses the tendency or adaptation to produce a result, 'so as,' which is often conveniently translated 'so that'—the proper rendering of ὥστε (seldom ὥς) with the finite verb (negative οὐ) which expresses the actual result." In his new edition Dr. Goodwin is careful to observe the distinction between the Infinitive and the Indicative constructions by the translations "so as" and "so that" respect-

ively, as recommended by Dr. Gildersleeve, although this distinction was not consistently observed in the old edition.

Again, Dr. Goodwin's prefatory statement that "the use of  $\pi\rho\acute{\iota}\nu$  with the Infinitive and the finite moods is more accurately stated," is verified. What he said in the old edition amounted to this: "When  $\pi\rho\acute{\iota}\nu$  does not take the Infinitive it takes the Indicative, Subjunctive, or Optative." A reference to another paragraph discloses the definite and satisfactory information that "when  $\pi\rho\acute{\iota}\nu$  does not take the Indicative, Subjunctive, or Optative, it takes the Infinitive." But here again Dr. Gildersleeve's utterances are brought into play. Says the latter: "When  $\pi\rho\acute{\iota}\nu$  *must* be translated 'before' it *must* have the Infinitive. When it *may* be translated 'until,' it *may* take the finite constructions of  $\xi\omega\varsigma$  'until.' After *positive* sentences  $\pi\rho\acute{\iota}\nu$  commonly takes the Infinitive. After *negative* sentences it has the construction of  $\xi\omega\varsigma$  'until' when the meaning is that of  $\xi\omega\varsigma$ . This is the Attic rule, but exceptions occur."

Compare with this Dr. Goodwin: "... But in other Greek it has the Infinitive chiefly when it means simply *before*, and when the leading clause is affirmative; it has the finite moods only when it means *until* (as well as *before*) and chiefly when the leading verb is negative or implies a negative."

It has been charged in certain quarters that Dr. Gildersleeve wastes much valuable time in reducing syntactical principles to formulæ. Whether this charge be well founded or not, it is evident that teachers as well as pupils profit by the great teacher's results. Those who imitate him may change the phraseology, but it does not follow that greater accuracy of statement is thereby gained. Still we must not multiply comparisons which are always more or less odious.

Dr. Goodwin's treatment of the Conditional Sentence is somewhat more satisfactory than in the old edition, but he still fails to make the proper distinction between the Future Indicative with  $\epsilon\acute{\iota}$  and the Subjunctive with  $\epsilon\acute{\iota}\delta\acute{\alpha}\nu$ . This latter

Dr. Gildersleeve calls the "anticipatory condition," and the former the "expectatory"—the difference between the two being the difference between anticipation and expectation.

Dr. Goodwin says that the Future Indicative with *εἰ* is very often used for the Subjunctive in Future Conditions as a still more vivid form of expression, especially in appeals to the feelings and in threats and warnings. The first part of this is vaguely expressed and may mean much or little; the latter part, "threats and warnings," will correspond to Dr. Gildersleeve's "minatory and monitory."

Dr. Goodwin treats the Potential Optative and Indicative more prominently as original constructions, and doubtless bears in mind the warning of Dr. Gildersleeve, that when there is no consciousness of a definite ellipsis it is not well to explain the construction on the ground of an ellipsis. Here again Dr. Gildersleeve's formula is found useful: "The impossibility of definite ellipsis constitutes the Modality."

The chapters on the independent use of *μὴ* and on the Infinitive and Participle show a marked improvement over the former editions, although in his treatment of the Participle our author fails to reveal the same careful study of the *American Journal of Philology*.

The following paragraphs may be cited as admitting of further revision:—

"§905 N. Rarely a singular verb has a masculine or feminine subject in the plural; as ἔστι δὲ ἑπτὰ στάδιοι ἐξ Ἀβύδου ἐς τὴν ἀπαντίαν, and there is a distance of seven stades from Abydos to the opposite coast. In such cases the plural form often seems to have arisen from an afterthought, especially when the subject follows the verb."

It is not clear how this example illustrates "an afterthought." We say in English, it is ninety-five miles from Sewanee to Nashville, or in other words (the distance) from Sewanee to Nashville is ninety-five miles. The cases are parallel. And so the phrase ἔστιν οἱ may be explained by referring οἱ to a collective noun for an antecedent, and it is to be remarked here that the expression εἰς οἱ does occur.



"§1024 N. (b). But οἷός τε in Attic Greek means *able, capable*, like δυνατός, being originally elliptical for τοιοῦτος οἷος, *such as*, τέ having no apparent force."

If Dr. Goodwin will restudy carefully sentences which illustrate οἷος and οἷός τε he will doubtless find that the force of τέ is not altogether lost, that οἷος denotes rather the "disposition," and οἷός τε the "position." In other words that οἷος is used more strictly of character, and that οἷός τε implies first adaptation then possibility.

Under the head of Final and Object clauses (§1362) it seems that it would have been advisable to have mentioned the use of ἕως as a final particle in the Odyssey. Attention might also have been called to the frequent use of paratactic μὴ in pre-Attic Greek and its very rare use in Attic Greek. It is well to quicken the observation even of the more youthful pupils. The fact might have been stated even if the principle had not been discussed.

In §1513 N., Dr. Goodwin speaks of ὡφελον with the Infinitive (negative μὴ) and further adds that it may even be preceded by εἴθε, εἰ γάρ, or ὥς. We are glad to observe that he omits the following statement made in the former edition: "the use of εἴθε and εἰ γάρ with it is an anomaly; μὴ should perhaps be constructed with the Infinitive." It would have been better if he had inserted in his new edition that this use of μὴ as well as that of εἴθε and εἰ γάρ is to be explained on the ground of analogy; that ὡφελον with the Infinitive was used to express a wish; was therefore regarded as a wishing clause, and after the analogy to the more usual construction could be introduced by εἴθε and εἰ γάρ and take the regular negative for wishing clauses, the negative μὴ. Under no circumstances is the negative to be coupled with the Infinitive. The position of the negative would seem to indicate the contrary.

We are pleased to note that all citations from the Greek authors are referred to the special author of the sentence quoted. A complete index of the sentences quoted would have been found valuable. In Part V., as we are told, the

principal additions are the sections on dactylo-epitritic rhythms with greater detail about other lyric verses and the use of two complete strophes of Pindar to illustrate that poet's two most common metres. The catalogue of verbs shows careful revision and some enlargement, especially in the Homeric forms. Careless errors are most infrequent; as in §39, 3, where (*See* 565, 8,) should read (*See* 565, 6.)

In conclusion we wish to express our sincere thanks for this excellent edition of a most valuable work. We know of no Greek grammar that may be considered its superior for use in schools, and yet we are pained to realize that so eminent a scholar as Dr. Goodwin has shown such a lack of literary conscience as his volume reveals. We regret also that we must call attention to the fact that if Dr. Goodwin had made a careful and appreciative study of Dr. Gildersleeve's edition of *Justin Martyr* (1877) and incorporated the results of his study in the second edition of his *Grammar* (1879) many of the emendations which we have pointed out in the edition under review would have been anticipated to the benefit both of Dr. Goodwin's students and of the scholarly public. Let us "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

## REVIEWS.

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*The History of Early English Literature, Being the History of English Poetry from its Beginnings to the Accession of King Alfred.* By Stopford A. Brooke. New York and London, Macmillan & Co. 1892. 12mo, pp. xiv., 500.

The name of the author of this somewhat prolix study is sufficient to convince that it will prove readable, and the publishers are a guarantee that the book will be well made. Indeed we think there can be no doubt that Mr. Brooke has offered the best presentment of Early English Literature to the general literary reader that has yet been made. That this was the class of readers he had in view is probable, since his lengthy abstracts and numerous translations could prove of but minor interest to those acquainted with Anglo-Saxon. His plan of translation differs somewhat from that of his predecessors. His lines "are trochees following one another with a syllable at the end, chiefly a long one, to mark the division of the line. I varied the line as much as I could, introducing often rashly metrical changes." On the whole his lines represent fairly the effect that the original, when read aloud, has on us, which, of course, may be wholly different from the effect it had on the Early English.

Mr. Brooke is well up in the English and American literature of his subject, and thanks to Wuelker's "Grundriss zur Geschichte der A.-S. Litteratur," he knows the German investigations also. His own work may be described as the conscientious compilation of a man of literary gifts and cultured tastes. Of original investigation there seems hardly any, and the few theories that he advances will scarcely commend themselves to scholars. And yet there is much more to commend than to fault in the book. It is natural to contrast it with ten Brink's study, and for the readers he has in view,

he need not fear the comparison. Mr. Brooke's book is fuller and much more readable and his arrangement of his materials is much happier. He discusses in separate chapters, and they are among the most interesting of his book, "The Conquest and Literature," "The Settlement in Poetry," "The Sea," "Armour and War," "Christianity and Literature," "Monasticism and Literature," as well as the various fortunes of literature in the different kingdoms of Early England.

And now while commending the book heartily we will, in no captious spirit, endeavor to show some matters wherein we think the author has gone astray. First of all, it seems that if Latin literature was to be noticed at all in a "History of English Poetry," the work of Aldhelm, Bede, Alcuin, and the minor writers deserved a fuller appreciation than it has found in CHAPTER XXI. and the scattered notices elsewhere. We think too that the often-recurring statement that the Roman mission fostered the Latin while the Scots opposed it by an English literature, is not borne out by facts. The Scots wrote and talked Latin, and as we know at Whitby, it was the other side who used the vernacular English with considerable effect against them. Indeed many of Mr. Brooke's views are colored and distorted by the notion to which age has not lent probability, that there was friction and rivalry between the Scotch and Roman missions, settled by a great duel at Whitby to the advantage of the latter, whereas in fact the Scots in Northumbria in following the royal wishes regarding Easter were but following the example set by their brethren at home a generation before. This error which has been fostered by Roman and Protestant controversialists for their own purposes, has, we think, led Mr. Brooke to exaggerate the influence of Scotch and Pictish poetry on the Northumbrians. He says, "This interchange of the thought and oral literature, accompanied by the occasional intermarriage of English and Welsh and Irish and Picts was, I think, one of the causes of a greater capacity in Northumbria for producing good poetry than was likely to exist in other parts of England, where the foreigners affected the English stock



only on the western edges of Mercia and of Wessex." In another place he says (p. 269) that the love of country and passionate pain of exile, so frequent in Northumbrian poetry was deepened and made more passionate by the influence of the Irish (sic.) He repeats the thought often though he finds other stimulants in the scenery and character of the Northumbrian country. But according to him Northumbrian poetic literature began at Whitby, which was not a Scotch foundation at all, and whose abbess was an East-Anglian, and so far as the Northumbrian poets speak of their Welsh or other Celtic neighbors at all it is with uniform contempt. It seems to us that we are not to seek here the causes of the rise of literature in Northumbria, but rather in the character of the people and in the literature they brought with them from the continent. Everything in the history of these Angles shows them to have been a more mobile race than the men of Kent or Wessex. Their migration is the first witness of it, for they leave their old home a desert. Their political history shows the same mercurial temper. We find it, too, in the sudden zeal with which they embraced the Christian cause, which spread with a rapidity unparalleled elsewhere in England, and equalled only by the rapidity and utterness of its fall. Accompanying this sudden outburst of the national spirit we find a brief but intense literary activity. In this there is nothing to surprise us. We need not seek the causes far afield. The materials were part of their national inheritance, as appears in the *Beowulf*, in the *Genesis*, and in the *Heliand* of their nearest continental cousins. What we have to account for is not Caedmon and Cynewulf, but the lack of Caedmons and Cynewulfs in the South, and this the political conditions of these smaller kingdoms, so frequently harried and plundered, the difference in race, and perhaps most of all the direction toward the study of Latin that came from the school of Canterbury and Malmesbury, and the closer commercial, political, and ecclesiastical connection with the continent will suffice to explain. There is nothing in the Irish literature of this

period that would lead us to think that the creators of the *Beowulf* and the *Waldhere* had much or anything to learn from it. There is no reason to suppose that any of the Early English poets, whose works we have, had ever heard a Celtic poem, or could have understood it if he had, or would have cared to understand it if he could. Christianity, whether Scotch or Italian, came to the English through the medium of Latin.

Mr. Brooke has much to say about Caedmon, of whose verses we are disposed to doubt that a single one remains except for Bede's hymn. To Cynewulf, too, he attributes several poems with no reason but his fancy. Cynewulf signed so many poems, that where there is no such runic signature his authorship seems to us more than doubtful. Not content with this, in a flight of quite extravagant fancy, our author seems disposed to father on him the old heathen spells of Cocayne's *Leechdoms*. Pages such as 154 to 161 are pretty, but they are not history. But we must repeat that the account of the poems themselves is full and excellent.

The spelling of the proper names that occur in the course of the narrative carries us back to those happy days when every author "knew at least two ways of writing his signature." Of course, as any one knows who has worked on the original documents, the problem is a difficult one. One's first impulse is to spell English names by a normalized Anglo-Saxon spelling, but differences in dialect and in time will involve some perplexity, and as many names occur only in a latinized form, we shall have often to use a spelling for which we have no written authority whatever. These considerations have led us after some trial of the strict philological reconstruction on a West-Saxon basis to adopt modern English names wherever possible, and the simplest forms of the other names. Mr. Brooke's method, however, is hopelessly inconsistent. We find Lullus and Boniface, Ælfeda and Alfwold, Ætheldreda for Æthelthryth, following Bede, to whom we owe also Hild for the familiar St. Hilda. We find

Wilfrid and Wilfrith, Ælfred and Aldfrith and Alfwold, Æthelheard and Æthelhard. Bede's Æbba becomes Ebba, and Paulinus has taken to himself a second "1," we know not whence. Aldhelm, who writes his name always with "Ald," appears here with an "Eald," Edwin, whose name Bede spells Eduin and Æduini, appears here as Eadwine and Egbert as Ecgberht. Some names are latinized, some are served up in their native undress Saxon, and a few, among them Mainz, are strictly modern. All we have a right to ask is consistency, but that jewel shines by its absence here. We have noticed but a single misprint in the volume. On page 261, "same interesting English," should read, "same interest in English." On page 226 a note has been omitted.

The book is provided with a map of England purporting to show the monastic foundations recorded before the death of Bede. There are thirty-seven places thus recorded on this map, among them Croyland, of which there is no authentic trace before 757, Bury St. Edmund's and Waltham, which were both certainly later than Alfred. But the sins of omission are much more serious, for lists in our possession show authentic records of not less than fifty-nine, and possibly several more houses founded before 735 that do not appear on this map at all. Among these we will cite only Barrow, Bath, St. Bees, Bredon, Cnobheresburg, Coquet, Dacre, Ikanho, Sheppey, Wenlock, Wotton, and York. It must be remembered, too, that of the thirty-four houses which figure of right on this map, all were not in existence at any one time, but that in some cases the abandonment of one was the means of founding another. We must reserve, however, the subject of Early English monastic foundations for fuller discussion on another occasion.

B. W. W.

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*Christian Ethics.* By Newman Smyth. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

THERE is a primary necessity laid upon Christianity to present rightly its claim upon the control of human life.

This necessity has produced the work before us, and will produce many more like it. We have a guarantee of its character and value, not only in the well-known name of its author, but in the fact that it comes second (after a volume by Professor Driver of Oxford) in the series of publications of "The International Theological Library," now appearing under the editorship of Dr. Charles A. Briggs, of this country, and Dr. S. D. F. Salmond, of Scotland. This Library undertakes to give, and no doubt will give, the very latest and best results of Theological Science, and cover the whole field of Christian Theology. The present method of writing in series and by appointment, doubtless has the disadvantage of bringing into the world many books that would not otherwise have been written, books written to order and lacking the inspiration and life of a more personal production. A man ought to be moved from above to write, or at any rate from within, and not from without himself. The very great books come like the lightning out of heaven, and not in obedience to the adjustments of human machinery. This, however, is no machine-made book. Its very thoroughness, orderliness, and completeness might at first produce such an impression; a man is inspired to say something, not everything that can be said upon a subject. But an examination will quickly dispel any such prejudice in this case. The book is not only learned, conscientious, and complete, but it is full of sincerity and of sympathy with its great subject, to which it gives every evidence of a life-long devotion. The very merits of it, however, as well as the length to which our remarks might easily run, will preclude anything more than a mere reference to its method and contents.

The essential difference between secular and Christian ethics lies, of course, in the difference of their *ideals* of conduct. They are based upon wholly different conceptions of human life and destiny, and propose, therefore, wholly different ends of action. The first treats man as from the earth and for the earth. As between the two it distinctly elects to prefer worldliness to what it has, in retaliation, called *other-*



*worldliness.* And as between the two worlds, if they are mutually exclusive, and if service of one is destructive of service of the other, the secularist choice might seem the rational and right one. Our place and our work and our duty are manifestly here, and to turn our backs upon where we are and undertake to be and act somewhere else where we are not, very naturally appears false as well as foolish conduct. The secular theory, too, of life may rest upon not at all a low, but a very high ideal of what life ought to be. The classical standard, for example, as scientifically presented by Aristotle, though we think not the highest, is yet a very high one. Yet Lotze says of it: "To antiquity man appeared without any manifest attachment to a coherent system transcending his earthly life, pre-eminently as a creature of nature." The older Hebrew conception of life, religious as it was, rested upon no knowledge of any other life than this life. *Hebrews, chap. xi.*, proves that it implied more, but it did not consciously mean more. As between an other-worldliness that would ignore and neglect this one, and a this-worldliness that ignores the other, let us admit that the secularist has a strong case in favor of the latter. But does the issue stand so in any true conception of Christianity? St. Paul tells us that "there is a natural and there is a spiritual," and certainly both are included in his scheme of thought and life. St. John reminds us that if we have not first loved our brother whom we have seen, it is impossible to love God whom we have not seen. There is no contradiction between the true natural and the true spiritual. Each is realized and fulfilled for us only in and through the other. The world and the worldliness which Christianity condemns are only what, in the true interest of life and conduct, we ought to condemn; as the flesh which it bids us mortify is only what in our nature we need, for any true self-realization, to mortify. The fact that there is a false mysticism and asceticism in many forms of religion does not prove that there is not a true religion in which there is a right kind and amount of mysticism and asceticism.

Dr. Smyth's book is necessarily a study of the Christian Ideal of Life and Conduct. It divides itself into two parts, of which the first is an exhaustive analysis of the Ideal (1) in its contents, (2) in its historical realizations in the Person of Christ, (3) in the various forms in which it is to be practically realized in humanity. The second part deals in detail with Christian duties and closes with a discussion of the Christian moral motive power. We commend the book as the latest, and probably the best, scientific discussion of the greatest and most important of all subjects.

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*Introduction to Physiological Psychology.* By Dr. Theodor Ziehen, Professor in Jena; Translated by C. C. Van Liew and Dr. Otto Beyer. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892. 12mo, pp. 284.

THIS work is chiefly valuable as a statement of the position of the most advanced wing of the evolutionists in psychology. It is an effort to explain the phenomena of the "self" while denying that there is really any self to explain, to account for the facts of consciousness without admitting that there is any conscious subject. The "ego" with Professor Ziehen is purely factitious—it is merely "a peculiar complex of associated images of memory." He recognizes the "empirical ego," indeed, but finds no place for the "pure ego." He says (p. 218): "The reflective person, of course, reduces this complexity of the ego-idea to relative simplicity by placing his own ego, as subject of his sensations, ideas and motions, over against all objects and other egos of the external world. To be sure, this simplification of the ego-idea by placing it as subject in opposition to the rest of the world as object, has a deep foundation in epistemology; but regarded purely in the light of psychology, this simple ego is but a theoretical fiction. Empirical psychology recognizes only that complex ego whose chief characteristic features we have just briefly described."

This is to be strictly scientific and empirical! But how is

it that the one persistent and ever-present experience—the centre of the out-and-in-go of any and all experiences—the self is to be thrust out of the empirical category? Is it because we have no better ground for knowing it than that we are compelled to know it as a condition precedent in all experience? Is experience made better by the denial that there is any such thing as an experienter to have experiences?

Of course, with such a clean sweep as this, there is no room for voluntary activities of any sort. Professor Ziehen admits that there are certain actions which *seem* to be voluntary [to whom? to what?] but they only seem. "There is no special faculty of the will," certain movements "we are especially inclined to designate as *voluntary* actions, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*. This tendency, assisted by the fancy that we act from choice in the association of ideas, has led to the assumption of a special faculty of will. But that which we call will, on strict analysis, is reduced essentially to the sensations of tension accompanying the association of ideas and the action. The feeling that we exercise a free choice in the association of ideas and in action, is easily explained by the fact that, in distinction from automatic acts, association and action are not only determined by external stimuli, but are also influenced by ideas, the sum total of which we may designate as our empirical 'ego.' A definite action must follow certain external stimuli and certain ideas according to an inevitable law of causation, just as a stone detached from its support *must* fall in a certain direction with a certain velocity." (p. 28.)

This is the most thoroughgoing materialism we have encountered in many a day. The popular sensationalism of the day is so shuffling on this point that it is refreshing to have it plumped out now and then in all its baldness. As a further specimen, take the following on page 22: "It is possible to conceive that all our actions, even the most complicated, abstractly considered, have a purely mechanical or material cause. Ordinarily we imagine that all the compli-

cated actions of human life are more easily explained by introducing the help of psychical processes. The opposite is correct; all actions, even the fittest and most complicated, can be understood as the effect of the material processes of the brain."

If this be science, one feels a sort of compassion for the great lights of modern scientific thought; they are so far behind the sweep of the times. Almost with one voice they repudiate and scorn such bald materialism—indeed all materialism, as it would be easy to show. No man who comprehends and accepts the first law of Newton, can be a materialist, for by that law nothing which is inert can change its state; and, therefore, if matter is all, and is inert, there is no such thing as change in the world; if it be not inert, then it possesses that quality which removes it from the category of dead matter, and the life-factor is assumed as a *prius*.

Space will not allow further consideration of this subject, but it is reassuring to think that the long-standing controversy between the Transcendentalists and Sensationalists is in a fair way to be adjusted by the full recognition of personality, with its inherent potentialities, as the one dominant fact of all knowledge—a fact implied in all experience. As Professor Huxley in his *Hume* puts it: "The organ of thought, *prior to experience*, may be compared to an untouched piano, in which it may be properly said that music is innate, inasmuch as its mechanism contains, potentially, so many octaves of musical notes. The unknown cause of sensation which Descartes calls the '*je ne sais quoi dans les objets*,' or '*choses telles qu'elles sont*;' and Kant the '*Noumenon*,' or '*Ding an sich*;' is represented by the musician, who, by touching the keys, converts the potentiality of the mechanism into sounds. A note so produced is the equivalent of a single experience." Professor Huxley abundantly recognizes elsewhere the impossibility of explaining sensation in terms of matter; and so do Herbert Spencer, Professor Tyndall, and all the great leaders of Empiricism.

F. A. S.



*Dissertations on the Apostolic Age, reprinted from Editions of St. Paul's Epistles.* By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. Published by the Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund. London and New York, Macmillan & Co. 1892. pp., 435, 8vo.

Not only the clergy, but everyone who is interested in early ecclesiastical history, will be delighted to have these five great dissertations of Bishop Lightfoot in such a convenient and attractive form. As excursuses appended to the commentaries on St. Paul's epistles, they were practically inaccessible to many readers and in such connections lost much of their weight and importance to the average scholar. As they now appear, carefully edited, with a full and accurate index, they are found to be not incidental adjuncts to more serious work, but elaborate and thoughtful monographs, simply indispensable to any historical library. The subjects treated of are "The Brethren of the Lord," "St. Paul and the Three," "The Christian Ministry," "St. Paul and Seneca," and "The Essenes." The first essay and the last are upon questions more strictly technical and theological; viz.: the identity of James, "the Lord's brother," and the perpetual virginity of the Virgin Mary; and the origin and affinity of the Judaic-Christian sect of Essenes, in the treatment of which latter there occurs an incidental but valuable notice of the supposed influence of Buddhism on early Christian thought. The second essay, on "St. Paul and the Three," possesses a special interest as bearing directly upon Baur's well-worn theory of the mutual hostility between St. Paul and the other Apostles, upon which the conclusions of the higher criticism of the Tübingen School was almost entirely based. This theory Bishop Lightfoot examines and disposes of with his accustomed learning, although his entire fairness is illustrated by his comments on Ritschl's "noble sacrifice of consistency to truth."

The essay on the Christian Ministry was reprinted once before in this country about twelve years ago as a sort of controversial tract to disseminate views which the author would have repudiated. In its present form it is supplemented by

various quotations from Bishop Lightfoot's sermons and other writings, giving his matured views on the threefold ministry, which he declares to be "the historic backbone of the Christian Church."

The essays are all, therefore, of permanent interest and value, but we feel that the general reader will agree with us in preferring the dissertation upon St. Paul and Seneca. Here we have something which belongs not to history strictly ecclesiastical, but which deals in a fresh, bright way with one of the most interesting periods in secular history, "the only period," Gibbon says, "when the welfare of the people was the sole object of the government." The portraits of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, the descriptions of Stoicism, the comparison of Christian with Pagan ethics, these afford the author a splendid opportunity for the display of his vast learning in sacred and classical literature, and also for the exercise of his great powers of keen analysis and exhaustive criticism. The reader may miss the rhetorical fervor which characterizes Dr. Farrar's "Seekers after God," but he will rejoice in the chastened eloquence of style, the convincing accuracy of scholarship, and the profound philosophy of Dr. Lightfoot's dissertation.

The faultless typography, and the full index of this book are worthy of its contents and of the unrivalled University Press.

T. F. G.

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*The Death of Ænone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. New York and London, Macmillan & Co. 1892. 16mo, pp. vi., 113.

The present volume has the interest that always attaches to the last message of a great poet to the world; but it has not the interest that attached to Browning's "Asolando." There was a wonderful pathos in the telegrams that told how the dying poet had smiled in his far-off Venetian palace when informed of the gratifying sale his volume was having. We thought of the long years Browning had had to wait before

even a small edition of any of his books could be exhausted, and we pictured to ourselves the smile of the dying man and muttered, "Time brings his revenges." In our anxiety to make up for the injustice of a former generation we forgot to criticise, and it is questionable whether many of us have yet realized how little there is in the "Asolando" volume that can enhance Browning's fame.

"The Death of Cēnone" arouses no such feelings. Tennyson had reaped in his manhood his full harvest of fame and, although his death came like a shock to us, we did not feel, when we heard that his last volume was in press, that here was a final message from one whom we had slighted and misunderstood. The very title of the volume invites criticism and comparison rather than the hushed reverence of unspeakable gratitude; for it is impossible to read "The Death of Cēnone" without thinking of that exquisite prototype which to our youthful fancy made

All earth and air seem only burning fire.

We shall resist, however, this tendency to criticise—at least to criticise adversely, not only because we remember the old adage "*nil nisi bonum*," but also because we are convinced that if the Tennyson of this volume is to be measured against any of our modern poets it must be against the Tennyson of fifty years ago. But to essay such criticism is not the province of the writer of a short notice, nor is the time ripe for such an attempt. It must suffice us then to say, in general, that whatever be the total impression left by this volume, it is impossible to deny that it contains lines and passages of imperishable beauty—lines and passages which only the greatest modern master of English verse could have written. But this is only to say that every lover of the poet and every serious student of English literature should read the book and pick out the gems for himself. We can indicate a few only.

The dedicatory stanzas to the Master of Balliol are exquisitely Tennysonian without being noteworthy. In the lead-

ing poem the old charm breathes once more through the blank verse. Witness these lines describing the Trojan shepherds before the dead body of Paris:

One raised the Prince, one sleek'd the squalid hair,  
One kissed his hand, another closed his eyes,  
And then, remembering the gay playmate rear'd  
Among them, and forgetful of the man,  
Whose crime had half unpeopled Ilion, these  
All that day long labour'd, hewing the pines,  
And built their shepherd-prince a funeral pile;  
And, while the star of eve was drawing light  
From the dead sun, kindled the pyre, and all  
Stood round it, hush'd, or calling on his name.

Of the two poems that follow, "St. Telemachus" and "Akbar's Dream," we can quote only the first stanza of the hymn to the sun that closes the last named piece—a hymn which almost justifies the application to Tennyson of his own matchless verse to Virgil,

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again we see thee rise.  
Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human hearts and eyes.  
Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down before thee,  
Thee the God-like, thee the changeless in thine ever-changing skies.

Of the rest of the volume, some of the poems of which are not new, we can mention only the humorous "The Church-Warden and the Curate," written in the Spilsby dialect and worthy of the greatest master of dialect poetry, and "The Silent Voices," the exquisite lines sung at the funeral in Westminster Abbey. While these last lines inevitably suggest an unfavorable comparison with their companion verses, "Crossing the Bar," they are enough to shame those foolish people who have been remarking for years on Tennyson's supposed loss of power. The author of "Demeter and Other Poems," of "The Foresters," and of "The Death of Cænone" is almost as conspicuous an exception to the rule that most poets do their best work before they are forty, as that great Grecian of whom he so strikingly reminds us, the

Singer of sweet Colonus and its child.



*The Nature and Elements of Poetry.* By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1892. 12mo, pp. xx., 338.

*The Old English Dramatists.* By James Russell Lowell. Same publishers. 1892. 12mo, pp. 132.

It is something of a truism to say that no one can talk so well or write so well about poetry, when it is not his own, as a true poet. The names of Sidney, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Shelley, Goethe, Arnold, Lowell, and many another immediately recur to us, and we may be very sure that if those conversations at the *Mermaid* had found their Boswell, we should have to put Shakspeare at the top of the list. There has been, of course, since the days of Aristotle a great deal of good criticism directed towards poetry by men who never learned the art of verse. Still, just as it takes a thief to catch a thief, so it takes a poet to catch the spirit of poetry. But the thief when caught can be held, which is by no means true of the spirit of poetry. If the nature of that tricky sprite has ever been apprehended, it has certainly never met with Ariel's fate and been enclosed in a cloven trunk—*i. e.*, within the binding of a book. We are just as much at a loss to know what poetry is as we were three thousand years ago—as much at a loss as we were before Mr. Stedman delivered the lectures at the Johns Hopkins University which make up his recent volume.

There have been two, perhaps we may say three, main methods of investigating the "nature and elements of poetry." One may be termed the rhapsodical method, best represented, perhaps, by Sidney and Shelley. The second is the scientific method, represented by Aristotle and, in our own day, most admirably by Mr. Theodore Watts, himself a poet, by the way. The third, which combines the two first, may be called the desultory, and is numerously represented by such names as Coleridge, Lamb, Landor—in fact, most of our great critics. The greatest English critic since Dr. Johnson, the late Matthew Arnold fits best into the second category, while his great American contemporary, Lowell, falls into the third.

This is not the place, and it might be idle anywhere, to attempt to determine which of these methods has succeeded best in making us understand what poetry is in its essence. The world could ill afford to do without Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," or Lowell's essays, or Theodore Watts's famous article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

We wish we could say that it could not afford to do without Mr. Stedman's last volume, but we cannot. Not that we are not glad to have read it, not that we do not cordially recognize the high aims of its estimable author and his not infrequent felicity of thought and phrase. On the contrary, we have enjoyed his book and we heartily commend it to our readers, for we are certain that it will do good. But it is the unfortunate lot of those who serve that severe mistress, Poetry, whether as interpreters (critics), or priests (poets), that unless they reach a plane of excellence commensurate with the dignity of her they serve, their best efforts in her behalf must prove but transitory and of little worth. It is the old story—many are called but few chosen. Those who feel themselves summoned may do much good in their day and generation, but posterity will not regard them.

This is what we feel about Mr. Stedman's book. Like his "Victorian Poets" and "Poets of America," it is serious, fairly free from crotchets, wholesome—eminently respectable and worthy. It will appeal to a host of readers who would not be affected by work of a higher order—it can even be called "missionary criticism;" but it is not illuminating, it is not inspiring, and hence we fear that a hundred years from now no zealous editor will do the service for it that Professor Cook did for Shelley's "Defence of Poetry" some months ago. If we are mistaken and some such editor should arise, we wonder how he will explain his author's presuming to speak of Mrs. Browning's sonnets as comparable to Shakspeare's.

With Mr. Lowell's posthumous volume the case is different. Although the six lectures that make it up were never

revised by their author, and although they are desultory to a degree, they will be read with delight to-day and they will be read, at least by scholars, a hundred years from now. Lowell was one of those men that have the gift of saying things that cannot well be forgotten; and years hence students of the English drama will be glad to turn to this little book to get his latest views about Marlowe, or Webster, as the case may be. In other words Lowell is illuminating and inspiring—is a genius. What can be more illuminating than this sentence? He is referring to the fact that Shakspeare preferred to take his plots from stories that he found ready to his hand rather than invent them, and he remarks: "All the good stories, indeed, seem to have invented themselves in the most obliging manner somewhere in the morning of the world, and to have been camp-followers when the famous march of mind set out from the farthest East."

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*France under the Regency, with a Review of the Administration of Louis XIV.* By James Breck Perkins. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1892. 8vo, pp. xvii., 603.

THIS is a remarkably fair and accurate history of France under the regency of Orleans (1715-1723) and a lucid sketch of the reign of Louis XIV., after the death of Mazarin (1661-1715). Whatever incongruity may appear to arise from the juncture of a somewhat minute history and a comprehensive historical sketch is overlooked when it is remembered that Mr. Perkins had already written "France under Richelieu and Mazarin," and that he intends to devote future volumes to the state of France in the last three quarters of the eighteenth century. A sketch of French history during the reign of that monarch who, we are now told, did not say but who might have said, "L'Etat, c'est moi," was necessary as a sort of bridge for the historian and his reader. This bridge is by no means a frail structure, however, and it may be recommended as thoroughly trustworthy.

Mr. Perkins gives nine chapters to the reign of Louis and nine to the regency, the number of pages devoted to the first part slightly preponderating. Where all is so sane and thorough, one finds it difficult to deal in anything but those generalities of praise which often produce effects quite the reverse of what was intended. To guard against such a mishap (for it would be a mishap if any serious reader of history were diverted from Mr. Perkins's pages) we will say that we were particularly pleased with the chapter on Colbert and with the delicate way in which our author disposes of the notion so prevalent among writers on French history that the protective system sprang full panoplied from the brain of Colbert as Pallas did from the brain of Zeus. We Americans have had too much trouble with the Pallas-theory as to the origin of our Constitution not to feel grateful to the historian who scotches one of its hydra-heads even though it be not raised on our own devoted soil. We were also pleased with the glimpses Mr. Perkins gives of the court of Spain under Philip V., not pleased, of course, with the disgusting picture, but pleased that the author should not have confined himself to the platitudes of the average historian of the period.

With regard to the subject proper of the book, the regency of the profligate Orleans, we think that Mr. Perkins has done good work in, we will not say whitewashing, but in reducing the blackness of the paint used in portraying the character of the Abbé Dubois. We think also that his sober words on the folly of believing that the whole of French society was rotten because the court was corrupt might well be recommended to those stern anti-Gallicans of the present day who, like the Bourbons, seem unable either to forget or to forgive. The account of the half savant, half charlatan Law and his schemes is one of the best we have seen in English and is both interesting and profitable. We commend it to our soft-money friends, or perhaps we should say our *white* money friends, and so take our leave of a book which is in every way a credit to American scholarship.

W. P. T.



*Theological Outlines. Vol. I. The Doctrine of God.* By the Rev. Francis J. Hall, M.A., Instructor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill. Milwaukee, Wis., The Young Churchman Co. 1892. 16mo, pp. 148.

THE plan and purpose of this little book are very good. A series of such text-books is a decided *desideratum* in our Theological Seminaries. The author shows considerable learning and his analysis is generally excellent. We cannot say that we are satisfied with the first two chapters, in which the fundamental definitions are given and the authority of dogma is stated. It may more properly belong to the department of Apologetics, but we cannot help thinking that a more complete and intelligible statement should have been made of the place of authority in religious belief. It is quite right to insist upon the dogmas of the Church, but it is equally important to ascertain what are those dogmas. The author states (p. 26) that "dogma is an authoritative formulation of truth," and that "some dogmas are *decreed* by the whole Church," and others "are received by the whole Church." On p. 31 he defines this reception as "reception by all, or nearly all, Catholic theologians." This is the most important and serious definition in the book, and in it there are at least two ambiguous phrases, viz.: "Nearly all" and "Catholic theologians." We regret to criticise a useful manual like this, but we feel the importance of better definition of essential terms. The last nine chapters on God and His Nature and Attributes are very good.

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*John Wyclif, Last of the Schoolmen and First of the English Reformers.* By Lewis Sergeant. [Heroes of the Nations Series.] New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893. 12mo, pp. ix., 377.

It was certainly necessary that this valuable series should contain a volume devoted to some striking figure in English history during the great reign of Edward III. Perhaps the editor of the series, Mr. Evelyn Abbott, did well in choosing John Wyclif as this figure, and he certainly did well in assigning him to Mr. Sergeant for treatment. The latter has

produced a book which must be highly commended both for its readableness and its thoroughness, and the publishers have made the volume a model of its kind. The illustrations in particular are numerous and good, and the reader is furnished with a "chronology of events" and an index.

We are inclined to doubt, however, whether John Wyclif is a proper subject for treatment in a series of popular biographies. That he was a hero no one will doubt, but can his life be treated properly in a way to arouse the interest and enthusiasm of the modern reading public? We doubt it because, in the first place, so few details of his biography are known that it is hard to represent him as a man and not as the incarnation of a principle; because, in the second place, it is impossible to do justice to the subject without treating with more or less fulness such a number of historical and theological points that a reader will begin to fear that he has been entrapped into reading a piece of serious historical work and not a sugar-coated historical biography. We have indicated in the foregoing sentence the only criticisms of importance that can be justly passed on Mr. Sergeant's book, and it will be seen that they are due to no fault of the author's, who might, however, have let us know that some very able scholars refuse now-a-days to believe in the existence of such a person as Sir John Mandeville. We cannot help thinking that it would have been better if Edward the Black Prince had taken Wyclif's place among "the heroes of the nations;" but as we have not been called upon to edit this admirable series, and as we have been asked to give our opinion upon Mr. Sergeant's biography, we shall conclude by recommending our readers to make themselves acquainted with it and with its companion volumes.

## MINOR NOTICES.

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RECENT FICTION—In "Don Orsino" (New York, Macmillan & Co.) Mr. Marion Crawford has wound up his trilogy—which, by the way, he may make a tetralogy—of grandfather, father, and grandson, bringing the fortunes of "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" down perilously near to the year of grace, 1893. The scene is, of course, laid in Rome, and much of the interest of the book will be found to lie in the description of the recent land speculations in the Eternal City. Mr. Crawford evidently knows Rome well, and, as our readers are doubtless aware, he knows some other things very well—human nature for instance. He knows also how to write decent English as well as how to turn out a surprisingly large number of novels. If he had not committed the fault of concentrating the interest of his story too much toward the close, instead of distributing it throughout his thick volume, we should commend his last novel unreservedly. As it is, it is well worth reading, especially by those who are already acquainted with the facile author, who has recently informed an interviewer that he chooses foreign subjects because he knows them best, and not because he thinks his American countrymen uninteresting. He doubtless has Cooper's fate in his mind's eye and does not intend to give the American philistine a chance to raise his war-cry.

Miss McClelland's latest story, "Manitou Island" (New York, Henry Holt & Co.) is sufficiently curious and interesting to be acceptable to the uncritical reader who wishes to while away an hour or two. It will not stand close criticism, however, with regard either to its matter or manner of evolution. Miss McClelland does not write with her eye on the object to be described, nor does she write simply and clearly about that which she knows best. Hence the incidents of her story, nay her very descriptive passages even have an air of

unreality which suggests the first attempt of an untrained writer rather than the work of an author who can name five of her own books on her title page.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's latest volume, "*The Last Touches and Other Stories*," (New York, Macmillan & Co.,) is in every way a good piece of work. She writes excellent English, and she has a wonderful insight into human nature—especially women. Her men are not, as a rule, pleasant creatures, and she certainly believes in the truth of the adage about the course of true love not running smooth. Still one enjoys her stories even while protesting against the ultra frankness of her realism. That she can, however, let the breath of romance blow through her pages is clear to everyone who will take the trouble to read the tale in this collection entitled "*Thomas*." It is one of the most charming short stories we have read for many a day, and should alone suffice to give this volume a large sale.

WE have on our table Mathew's "*English Grammar with Selections*," (Boston, Heath,)—"Christ Church in the Revolution," and other addresses and sermons by the learned Bishop of Iowa—Hodge's "*The Episcopal Church*," and Whiton's "*Gloria Patri*," (New York, Whittaker,)—"Old South Leaflets," (Boston, Heath,) a valuable series—"The Book of the Unveiling," (London, S. P. C. K., New York, E. & J. B. Young,)—"The Greek Devotions of Launcelot Andrews," (same publishers)—"The Catholicos of the East and his People,"—(same publishers)—"Colonial Church Histories, Eastern Canada and Newfoundland," (same publishers) an interesting and valuable book which we cordially commend—Sheldon's "*American History*," (Boston, Heath,) useful—"French Composition," (same publishers)—Spears' "*Leaves and Grasses*," (same publishers)—Osthaus' edition of Eichendorf's "*Taugenichts*," (same publishers)—Kelsey's "*Select Orations and Letters of Cicero*," (Boston, Allyn and Bacon)—Baring-Gould's "*Through all the Changing Scenes of Life*," Maud Carew's "*Stupid Chris*," May Poynter's



"A Merry Heart,"—all S. P. C. K. publications and excellent stories for the young—F. Horace Teall's "English Compound Words and Phrases," (New York, Funk and Wagnalls,) a very serviceable book which continues the good work this author has been doing on an important but much neglected subject—"Eleusis and Lesser Poems," (Chicago, McClurg) in which Mr. William Rufus Perkins gives us to know that he has read Tennyson's "In Memoriam" with appreciation, if not with profit—"Lyrics, Idyls and Fragments," the posthumous poems of Joseph H. Armstrong, an old Sewanee student, well edited by Norman de Lagütry and deserving the pious care—Bass's "Nature Stories for Young Readers," (Boston, Heath,)—Winslow's "The Queen of Egyptology," a well deserved tribute to the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards, reprinted from *The American Antiquarian*—"The Anthropology of Evolutionism and the Bible," by the Rev. Professor Duffield, of Princeton—"Shall Virginians write Virginian History and "Woman's Place in XIXth Century Literature," two excellent papers by Professor John B. Henneinan, of Hampden-Sidney College.

We have for further review "The Best Letters of Shelley," edited by S. C. Hughson, "References for Literary Workers," by Henry Matson, "Some American Churchmen," by F. C. Morehouse, "A Short History of German Literature," by Professor Hosmer, "Gospel Criticism," by Orello Cone, D.D., "Goethe's Faust, Part I.," edited by Professor Calvin Thomas, "A History of German Literature," by Professor Bernhardt, and other volumes.